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A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
46. H Y M N S  
FOR THE USE OF THE CONGREGATION  
WORSHIPPING AT  
Kennington Chapel.

BY THE  
REV. ROBERT TAYLOR HUNT.

---

“ Whoso offereth praise, glorifieth ME.”

PSAL. L. 23.

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1825.



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## GOD ADORED

Through this vain world he guides our feet  
And leads us to his heavenly seat :  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When this vain world shall be no more.

10

~~~~~

Leon

### 1st. PART.

**THE** God of Abr'ham praise,  
Who reigns enthron'd above ;  
Ancient of everlasting days ;  
And God of love !  
Jehovah, great I AM !

By earth and heaven confess'd ;  
I bow and bless the sacred name,  
For ever bless'd.

The God of Abr'ham praise,  
At whose supreme command,  
From earth I'd rise, and seek the joys  
At his right hand :  
I'd all on earth forsake,  
Its wisdom, fame, and power ;  
And him my only portion make,  
My shield and tower.

The God of Abr'ham praise,  
Whose all-sufficient grace  
Shall guide me all my happy days,  
*In all his ways :*  
*He calls a worm his friend ;*  
*He makes himself my God :*

IN HIS PERFECTIONS, &c.

And he shall save me to the end,  
Through Jesus' blood.  
He by himself hath sworn;  
I on his oath depend;  
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,  
To heaven ascend:  
I shall behold his face,  
I shall his pow'r adore,  
And sing the wonders of his grace  
For evermore.

11

~~~~~

Leon

2nd. PART.

THO' nature's strength decay,  
And earth and hell withstand;  
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,  
At God's command:  
The watery deep I pass,  
With Jesus in my view,  
And through the howling wilderness,  
My way pursue.  
The goodly land I see,  
With peace and plenty blest;  
The land of sacred liberty  
And endless rest:  
There milk and honey flow,  
And oil and wine abound;  
And trees of life for ever grow,  
With glory crown'd.

## GOD ADORED

There dwells the Lord our King,  
The Lord our righteousness!  
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,  
The Prince of peace;  
On Sion's sacred height,  
His kingdom still maintains;  
And glorious, with his saints in light,  
For ever reigns.

There all the heavenly host  
Give thanks to God on high,  
"Hail Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"  
They ever cry:  
Hail Abram's God and mine!  
I join the heavenly lays;  
All might and majesty are thine,  
And endless praise.

12

\*\*\*\*\*

*Bedford.*

GOD is a Spirit, just and wise,  
He sees our inmost mind;  
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,  
And leave our souls behind.  
Nothing but truth before his throne,  
With honour can appear;  
The painted hypocrites are known  
Through the disguise they wear.  
Their lifted eyes salute the skies,  
Their bended knees the ground;

---

IN HIS PERFECTIONS, &c.

But God abhors the sacrifice  
In which no heart is found.

Lord, search my thoughts and try my ways,  
And make my soul sincere;  
Then shall I stand before thy face,  
And find acceptance there.

13

~~~~~

*Old Hundredth.*

LORD thou hast search'd my spirit through,  
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,  
My rising and my resting hours,  
My heart and flesh with all their powers.

My thoughts before they are my own,  
Are to my God distinctly known;  
He knows the words I mean to speak,  
E'er from my opening lips they break.

Within thy circling power I stand;  
On every side I find thy hand;  
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,  
I am surrounded still with God.

Amazing knowledge, vast and great!  
What large extent! what lofty height!  
My soul with all the powers I boast,  
Is in the boundless subject lost.

O may these thoughts possess my breast,  
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;

## GOD ADORED

Nor let my weaker passions dare  
Consent to sin,—for God is there.

**14**

~~~~~

*Acton.*

OUR God, how firm his promise stands,  
E'en when he hides his face;  
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands  
His glory and his grace.

Then why, our souls, these sad complaints,  
Since Christ and we are one ?  
Our God is faithful to his saints,  
Is faithful to his Son.

Beneath his smiles our hearts have lived,  
And part of heaven possess'd ;  
We'll praise his name for grace receiv'd,  
And trust him for the rest.

**15**

~~~~~

*Gabriel New.*

NOW shall my inward joys arise,  
And burst into a song ;  
Almighty love inspires my heart,  
And pleasure tunes my tongue.

God on his thirsty Sion-hill,  
Some mercy drops has thrown ;  
And solemn oaths have bound his love,  
To shower salvation down.

Why do we then indulge our fears,  
Suspicious and complaints ?

IN HIS PERFECTIONS, &c.

Is he a God ? and shall his grace

Grow weary of his saints ?

Can a kind woman e'er forget

The infant of her womb,

And 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts

Her suckling have no room ?

Yet, saith the Lord, should nature change,

And mothers monsters prove,

Sion still dwells upon the heart

Of everlasting love.

Deep on the palms of both my hands,

I have engrav'd her name,

My power shall raise her ruin'd walls,

And build her broken frame.

16

~~~~~

*Portugal New.*

THY mercy, my God, is the theme of my song

The joy of my heart and the boast of my  
tongue ;

Thy free grace, alone, from the first to the  
last,

Hath won my affections and bound my soul  
fast.

Without thy sweet mercy I could not live here

Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair ;

But thro' thy free goodness my spirits revive,

And he that first made me still keeps me  
alive.



## GOD ADORED

Thy mercy, in Jesus, exempts me from hell;  
Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell:  
'Twas Jesus, the Lord, when he hung on the  
tree,  
Who opened the channel of mercy for me.  
Great Father of mercies, thy goodness I  
own,  
And publish the love of thy crucified Son;  
All praise to the Spirit, whose witness divine  
Seals mercy and pardon, and righteousness  
mine.

17

~~~~~

*Mansfield*

MY soul repeat his praise,  
Whose mercies are so great;  
Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate.  
God will not always chide,  
And when his strokes are felt,  
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,  
And lighter than our guilt.  
High as the heavens are rais'd,  
Above the ground we tread,  
So far the riches of his grace  
Our highest thoughts exceed.  
His power subdues our sins,  
And his forgiving love,

**IN HIS PERFECTIONS, &c.**

**Far as the east is from the west,  
Doth all our guilt remove.**

**The mercies of the Lord  
To endless years endure ;  
And children's children ever find  
His word of promise sure.**

**18.** *~~~~~ Tucker.*

**SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,  
And in his strength rejoice ;  
When his salvation is our theme,  
Exalted be our voice.**

**With thanks approach his awful sight,  
And psalms of honour sing ;  
The Lord's a God of boundless might,  
The whole creation's King.**

**Let princes hear, let angels know,  
How mean their natures seem,  
Those gods on high and gods below,  
When once compar'd with him.**

**Earth with its caverns, dark and deep,  
Lies in his spacious hand ;  
He fixed the seas what bounds to keep,  
And where the hills must stand.**

**Come, and with humble souls adore,  
Come, kneel before his face ;  
O may the creatures of his power,  
Be children of his grace !**

## GOD ADORED

Now is the time he bends his ear,  
And waits for your request ;  
Come, lest he rouse his wrath and swear,  
“ Ye shall not see my rest.”

19

~~~~~

*Amsterdam.*

PRAISE the Lord who reigns above,  
And keeps his courts below ;  
Praise the holy God of love,  
And all his greatness shew :  
Praise him for his noble deeds,  
Praise him for his matchless power ;  
Him from whom all good proceeds,  
Let earth and heaven adore.

Him in whom they move and live,  
Let every creature sing,  
Glory to their Maker give,  
And homage to their King :  
Hallowed be his name beneath,  
As in heaven, on earth ador'd ;  
Praise the Lord in every breath,  
Let all things praise the Lord.

20

~~~~~

*Doversdale.*

MY God, my King, thy various praise  
Shall fill the remnant of my days ;  
Thy grace employ my humble tongue ;  
Till death and glory raise the song.

---

IN HIS PERFECTIONS, &c.

Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;  
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream,  
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,  
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

Thy works with sovereign glory shine,  
And speak thy majesty divine;  
Let Britain round her shores proclaim,  
The sound and honour of thy name.

But who can speak thy wond'rous deeds?  
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds!  
Vast and unsearchable thy ways!  
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

21

~~~~~

*Kennington.*

NOW to the Lord, a noble song,  
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue;  
Hosanna to th' eternal name,  
And all his boundless love proclaim.

See where it shines in Jesu's face,  
The brightest image of his grace;  
God, in the person of his Son,  
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

The spacious earth and swelling flood,  
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God;  
And thy rich glories, from afar,  
Sparkle in every rolling star.

But in his looks a glory stands,  
The noblest labour of thine hands:

## GOD ADORED

The pleasing lustre of his eyes,  
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

Grace, 'tis a sweet, a charming theme ;  
My thoughts rejoice at Jesu's name ;  
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound,  
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground !

O may I live to reach the place  
Where he unveils his lovely face,  
Where all his beauties you behold,  
And sing his name to harps of gold.

**22**                      *~~~~~ Martin's Lane.*

I'LL praise my Maker with my breath,  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought and being last,  
Or immortality endures.

**23**                      *~~~~~ Broomsgrove.*

BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,  
And speak some boundless thing,  
The mighty works, or mightier name,  
Of our eternal King.

Tell of his wond'rous faithfulness,  
And sound his power abroad,  
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,  
And the performing God.

Proclaim salvation from the Lord,  
For wretched dying men ;  
His fingers wrote the sacred word  
With an immortal pen.

Engrav'd as in eternal brass  
The mighty promise shines ;  
Nor can the powers of darkness 'rase  
Those everlasting lines.

O might I hear thine heavenly tongue  
But whisper " Thou art mine !"  
Those gentle words should raise my song  
To notes almost divine.

How would my leaping heart rejoice,  
To think my heaven secure !  
I trust the all-creating voice,  
And faith desires no more.

**24**

~~~~~

*Helmstedt*

BREATHE in praise of your Creator,  
Every soul his honour raise ;  
Magnify the Lord of nature,  
Magnify the God of grace :  
Hallelujah !  
Fill the universe with praise.

**25**

~~~~~

*Denbigh*

FROM all that dwell below the skies,  
Let the Creator's praise arise ;

---

## GOD ADORED

Let the Redeemer's name be sung,  
Through every land by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;  
Eternal truth attends thy word :  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
'Till suns shall rise and set no more.

**26**

*Psalm 135*

*Truro.*

BLESS, O my soul, the living God ;  
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad ;  
Let all the powers within me join  
In work and worship so divine.

Bless, O my soul, the God of grace ;  
His favours claim thy highest praise :  
Why should the wonders he hath wrought,  
Be lost in silence and forgot ?

'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son  
To die for crimes which thou hast done ;  
He owns the ransom, and forgives  
The hourly follies of our lives.

The vices of the mind he heals,  
And cures the pains which nature feels :  
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves  
Our wasting life from threat'ning graves.

His pow'r he shew'd by Moses' hands,  
And gave to Israel his commands :  
*But sent his truth and mercy down  
To all the nations by his Son.*

---

IN HIS PERFECTIONS, &c.

Let the whole earth his pow'r confess,  
Let the whole earth adore his grace :  
The Gentile with the Jew shall join,  
In work and worship so divine.

27

~~~~~

*America.*

O FOR a shout of sacred joy  
To God the sov'reign king !  
Let every land their tongues employ,  
And hymns of triumph sing.

Jesus, our God, ascends on high ;  
His heavenly guards, around,  
Attend him rising through the sky,  
With trumpet's joyful sound.

While angels shout and praise their king,  
Let mortals learn their strains ;  
Let all the earth his honours sing ;  
O'er all the earth he reigns.

Rehearse his praise with awe profound,  
Let knowledge lead the song ;  
Nor mock him with a solemn sound,  
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

In Israel stood his ancient throne,  
He loved that chosen race ;  
But now he calls the world his own,  
And *heathens* taste his grace.

*The British islands* are the Lord's ;  
*There Abraham's God* is known ;



---

## GOD ADORED

While pow'rs and princes, shields and swords  
Submit before his throne.

28

~~~~~

*New Court.*

TO God the great, the ever blest,  
Let songs of honour be address ;  
His mercy firm for ever stands ;  
Give him the thanks his love demands.

Who knows the wonders of thy ways ?  
Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise ?  
Blest are the souls that fear thee still,  
And pay their duty to thy will.

Remember what thy mercy did  
To Jacob's race, thy chosen seed :  
And with the same salvation bless  
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.

O may I see thy tribes rejoice,  
And aid their triumphs with my voice ;  
This is my glory, Lord, to be  
Join'd to thy saints and near to thee.

29

~~~~~

*Sydenham.*

TO our almighty Maker, God,  
New honours be address'd ;  
His great salvation shines abroad,  
And makes the nations blest.

He spake the word to Abraham first,  
*His truth fulfils the grace :*

---

IN HIS PERFECTIONS, &c.

The Gentiles make his name their trust,  
And learn his righteousness.

Let the whole earth his love proclaim,  
With all her different tongues ;  
And spread the honours of his name  
In melody and songs.

30

~~~~~

*Oxford*

SWEET is the memory of thy grace,  
My God, my heavenly King ;  
Let age to age thy righteousness  
In sounds of glory sing.

God reigns on high, but not confines  
His goodness to the skies ;  
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,  
And every want supplies.

With longing eyes thy creatures wait,  
On thee for daily food ;  
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,  
And fills their mouths with good.

How kind are thy compassions, Lord !  
How slow thine anger moves !  
But soon he sends his pardoning word,  
To cheer the souls he loves.

Creatures with all their endless race,  
Thy power and praise proclaim,

## GOD ADORED

But saints that taste thy richer grace  
Delight to bless thy name.

**31**

~~~~~

*Old Hundredth*

JEHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,  
His robes are light and majesty ;  
His glory shines with beams so bright,  
No mortal can sustain the sight.

His terrors keep the world in awe ;  
His justice guards his holy law ;  
His love reveals a smiling face ;  
His truth and promise seal the grace.

Through all his works his wisdom shines,  
And baffles Satan's deep designs ;  
His pow'r is sovereign, to fulfil  
The noblest counsels of his will.

And will this glorious Lord descend  
To be my father and my friend ?  
Then let my songs with angels join ;  
Heaven is secure if God be mine.

**32**

~~~~~

*Old Hundredth*

GREAT God, how oft did Israel prove,  
By turns thine anger and thy love ;  
There, in a glass, our hearts may see  
How fickle and how false they be.

How soon the faithless Jews forgot  
*The dreadful wonders God had wrought !*

IN HIS PERFECTIONS, &c.

Then they provoke him to his face.  
Nor fear his power nor trust his grace.

Yet did his sov'reign grace forgive,  
And bid the guilty rebels live;  
His anger oft away he turn'd,  
Or else with gentle flame it burn'd.

He saw their flesh was weak and frail,  
He saw temptation still prevail;  
The God of Abraham lov'd them still,  
And led them to his holy hill.

33

~~~~~

*New Court.*

GREAT God of wonders, all thy ways,  
Are grand, and matchless, and divine:  
But the fair glories of thy grace,  
More godlike and unrivalled shine:  
Who is a pard'ning God like thee?  
Or who has grace so rich and free?

Crimes of such horror to forgive,  
Such guilty daring worms to spare;  
This is thy grand prerogative,  
And none shall in the honour share.  
Who is a pard'ning God like thee?  
Or who has grace so rich and free?

In wonder lost, with grateful joy,  
*We take the pardon of our God;*

## GOD ADORED

Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,  
And love command my tongue.

36

*~~~~~ Martin's Lane.*

THE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue etherial sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great original proclaim :

Th'unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's power display,  
And publishes to every land,  
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale ;  
And nightly to the list'ning earth,  
Repeats the story of her birth :

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets, in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all,  
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;  
What tho' no real voice, nor sound,  
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ;

In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
Or ever singing as they shine,  
"The hand that made us is divine."

**37**

*Horsley.*

**THE** heavens declare thy glory, Lord,  
 In every star thy wisdom shines ;  
 But when our eyes behold thy word,  
 We read thy name in fairer lines.  
 The rolling sun, the changing light,  
 And nights and days thy power confess !  
 But the bless'd volume thou didst write,  
 Reveals thy justice and thy grace.  
 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise,  
 Round the whole earth, and never stand :  
 So when thy truth begun its race,  
 It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.  
 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,  
 'Till thro' the world thy truth has run ;  
 'Till Christ has all the nations blest  
 That see the light, or feel the sun.  
 Great Sun of righteousness, arise,  
 Bless the dark world with heavenly light ;  
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise,  
 Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.  
 Thy noblest wonders here we view  
 In souls renew'd and sins forgiven :  
 Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,  
 And make thy word my guide to heaven.

**38**

~~~~~

*Suffolk.*

**REJOICE**, ye righteous in the Lord,  
 This work belongs to you ;

---

## GOD ADORED

Sing of his name, his ways, his word,  
How holy, just, and true.

His mercy and his righteousness,  
Let heaven and earth proclaim ;  
His works of nature and of grace,  
Reveal his wond'rous name.

His wisdom and almighty word,  
The heavenly arches spread ;  
And by the Spirit of the Lord,  
Their shining hosts were made.

He bade the liquid waters flow  
To their appointed deep ;  
The flowing seas their limits know,  
And their own station keep.

Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord ;  
This work belongs to you :  
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,  
How holy, just, and true.

**39**

~~~~~

*Peru.*

PRAISE, everlasting praise be paid,  
To him that earth's foundation laid ;  
Praise to the God, whose strong decrees,  
Sway the creation as he please.

Praise to the goodness of the Lord,  
*Who rules his people by his word ;*  
*And there, as strong as his decrees,*  
*He sets his kindest promises.*

Whence then should doubts and fears arise ?  
 Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes ?  
 Slowly, alas ! our mind receives  
 The comfort that our Maker gives.  
 O for a strong, a lasting faith,  
 To credit what th' Almighty saith !  
 To embrace the message of his Son,  
 And call the joys of heaven our own.

40



*Compassion*

COME, sound his praise abroad,  
 And hymns of glory sing ;  
 Jehovah is the sov'reign God,  
 The universal King.

He form'd the deeps unknown ;  
 He gave the seas their bound ;  
 The wat'ry worlds are all his own,  
 And all the solid ground.

Come worship at his throne,  
 Come bow before the Lord ;  
 We are his works, and not our own,  
 He form'd us by his word.

To-day attend his voice,  
 Nor dare provoke his rod ;  
 Come, like the people of his choice,  
 And own your gracious God.

*But if your ears refuse,  
 The language of his grace ;*



---

## GOD ADORED.

And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,  
That unbelieving race.

The Lord, in vengeance drest,  
Will lift his hand and swear,  
“ You that despis’d my promis’d rest,  
Shall have no portion there.”

**41**

~~~~~

*Refuge.*

WE bless the Lord, the just, the good,  
Who fills our hearts with joy and food ;  
Who pours his blessings from the skies,  
And loads our days with rich supplies.  
He sends the sun his circuit round,  
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground ;  
He bids the clouds, with plenteous rain,  
Refresh the thirsty earth again.

’Tis to his care we owe our breath,  
And all our near escapes from death ;  
Safety and help to God belong ;  
He heals the weak, and guards the strong.  
He makes both saint and sinner prove,  
The common blessings of his love ;  
But the wide difference that remains,  
Is endless joy, or endless pains.

**42**

~~~~~

*Hampshire.*

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,  
Amidst his Father’s throne ;  
Prepare new honours for his name,  
And songs before unknown.

## CHRIST ADORED.

Let elders worship at his feet,  
The church adore around;  
With vials full of odours sweet  
And harps of sweeter sound.

Those are the prayers of the saints,  
And these the hymns they raise;  
Jesus is kind to our complaints,  
He loves to hear our praise.

Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,  
Be endless blessings paid,  
Salvation, glory, joy, remain,  
For ever on thy head.

Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,  
Hast set the pris'ners free,  
Hast made us kings and priests to God,  
And we shall reign with thee.

The worlds of nature, and of grace,  
Are put beneath thy power;  
Then shorten these delaying days,  
And bring the promis'd hour.

43



*Mansfield.*

AWAKE and sing the song,  
Of Moses and the Lamb,  
Wake, every heart and every tongue,  
To praise the Saviour's name.

*Sing of his dying love ;  
Sing of his rising pow'r ;*

## CHRIST ADORED.

Sing how he intercedes above,  
For those whose sins he bore.  
Sing 'till ye feel your hearts  
Ascending with your songs ;  
Sing 'till the love of sin departs,  
And grace inspires your tongues.  
Sing on your heavenly way,  
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing ;  
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day,  
In Christ th' eternal king.  
Soon shall ye hear him say,  
" Ye blessed children come ;"  
Soon will he call you hence away,  
And take his wanderers home.

**44**



*Miles's Lane.*

ALL hail! the power of Jesus' name,  
Let angels prostrate fall ;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all.  
Let high born seraphs tune the lyre,  
And as they tune it, fall  
Before his face, whom we admire,  
And crown him Lord of all.  
Crown him, ye martyrs of your God,  
Who from his altar call ;  
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown him Lord of all.

## CHRIST ADORED.

Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,  
Whom David, Lord did call,  
The God incarnate, man Divine,  
And crown him, Lord of all.

Ye Gentile sinners ne'er forget,  
The wormwood and the gall ;  
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all.

O that, with yonder sacred throng,  
We at his feet may fall ;  
And join the universal song,  
And crown him Lord of all.

45

*~~~~~*

*Arlington.*

DEAREST of all the names above,  
My Jesus and my God,  
Who can resist thy heavenly love,  
Or trifle with thy blood.

'Tis by the merits of thy death,  
The Father smiles again ;  
'Tis by thine interceding breath,  
The Spirit dwells with men.

'Till God in human flesh I see,  
My thoughts no comfort find.  
The great, the awful Deity,  
Alarms my guilty mind.

But if Immanuel's face appear,  
My hope, my joy, begins,

**CHRIST ADORED.**

His name forbids my slavish fear,  
His grace removes my sins.

While Jews on their own law rely,  
And Greeks of wisdom boast;  
I love th' incarnate mystery,  
And there I fix my trust.

**46**                      *Founders' Hall.*

COME all harmonious tongues,  
Your noblest music bring,  
'Tis Christ, the everlasting God,  
And Christ the man we sing.

Sing how he took our flesh  
To take away our guilt;  
Sing the dear drops of sacred blood  
That hellish monsters spilt.

Down to the shades of death  
He bowed his awful head;  
Yet he arose to live and reign  
When death itself is dead.

No more the bloody spear;  
The cross and nails no more,  
For devils tremble at his name,  
And all the heavens adore.

Here the Redeemer sits  
High on the Father's throne;  
The Father lays his vengeance by,  
And smiles upon his Son.

CHRIST ADORED.

47

*Miles's Lane*

LET saints on earth their anthems raise,  
Who taste the Saviour's grace ;  
Let saints in heaven proclaim his praise,  
And crown him Prince of peace.

Praise him who laid his glory by,  
For man's apostate race ;  
Praise him who stoop'd to bleed and die,  
And crown him Prince of peace.

Come rebels, lay your weapons down,  
Let war for ever cease ;  
Immanuel for your sovereign own,  
And crown him Prince of peace.

O may we reach the blissful shore,  
To view his lovely face ;  
His name for ever to adore,  
And crown him Prince of peace.

48

~~~~~

*New Victory*

JESUS, with all thy saints above,  
My tongue would bear her part ;  
Would sound aloud thy saving love,  
And sing thy bleeding heart.

Bless'd be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,  
Who bought me with his blood ;  
And quench'd his Father's flaming sword,  
In his own vital flood.

## CHRIST ADORED.

The Lamb that freed my captive soul,  
From satan's heavy chain;  
And sent the lion down to howl,  
Where hell and horror reign.  
All glory to the dying Lamb,  
And never ceasing praise;  
While angels live to know his name,  
Or saints to feel his grace.

**49** *Carthagen N.*

JESUS is all our hope,  
His death is all our boast;  
But for his sov'reign grace,  
We should be surely lost.  
Redeeming blood, and dying love,  
Here be our theme, and when above.

**50** *Eyth*

JESUS I love thy charming name,  
'Tis music to my ear;  
Fain would I sound it out so loud,  
That earth and heav'n might hear.  
Yes! thou art precious to my soul,  
My transport and my trust;  
Jewels are toys compar'd with thee,  
And gold is sordid dust.  
All my capacious powers can wish,  
In thee most richly meet;  
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,  
Nor friendship half so sweet.

## CHRIST ADORED.

O may thy grace still cheer my heart,  
And shed its fragrance there ;  
The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
The cordial of its care.

I'll speak the honours of thy name,  
With my last lab'ring breath ;  
When speechless, clasp thee in my arms,  
My joy in life and death.

### 51

~~~~~

HEAD of the church triumphant,  
We joyfully adore thee ;  
'Till thou appear, thy members here,  
Shall sing like those in glory.

We lift our hearts and voices,  
With blest anticipation ;  
And cry aloud, and give to God,  
The praise of our salvation.

The world, with sin and satan,  
In vain our march opposes,  
By thee we shall break thro' them all,  
And sing the song of Moses.

By faith we see the glory,  
To which thou wilt restore us ;  
The world despise for that high prize,  
Which thou hast set before us.

We clap our hands, exulting,  
In thine almighty favour ;



## CHRIST ADORED.

The love divine which made us thine,  
Shall keep us thine for ever.

52

~~~~~

*Calcutta.*

GLORY, glory everlasting,  
Be to him who bore the cross !  
Who redeem'd our souls by tasting  
Death, the death deserv'd by us :  
Spread his glory,  
Who redeem'd his people thus.

His is love, 'tis love unbounded,  
Without measure, without end,  
Human thought is here confounded,  
'Tis too vast to comprehend :  
Praise the Saviour !  
Magnify the sinner's friend.

While we hear the wond'rous story  
Of the Saviour's cross and shame,  
Sing we everlasting glory  
"Be to God and to the Lamb,"  
Saints and angels,  
Give ye glory to his name.

53

~~~~~

*Fordingbridge.*

LET the old heathens tune their song,  
Of great Dianna and of Jove ;  
But the sweet theme that moves my tongue,  
Is my Redeemer and his love.

---

CHRIST ADORED.

Jesus the Lord descends and dies  
To save my soul from gaping hell ;  
How the black gulph where satan lies,  
Yawn'd to receive me when I fell.

How justice frown'd, and vengeance stood  
To drive me down to endless pain !  
But the great Son propos'd his blood,  
And heavenly wrath grew mild again.

Infinite lover, gracious Lord !  
To thee be endless honour's given ;  
Thy wond'rous name shall be ador'd,  
Round the wide earth and wider heaven.

54

~~~~~

Georgia.

SURELY Christ thy griefs hath borne,  
Weeping soul, no longer mourn ;  
View him bleeding on the tree,  
Pouring out his life for thee ;  
There thine every sin he bore,  
Weeping soul, lament no more.

Weary sinner, keep thine eyes,  
On the atoning sacrifice ;  
There the incarnate Deity,  
Number'd with transgressors see,  
There his Father's absence mourns,  
Nail'd, and bruise'd, and crown'd with thorns.

Cast thy guilty soul on him,  
Find him mighty to redeem,

**CHRIST ADORED.**

At his feet thy burden lay,  
Look thy doubts and cares away.  
Now, by faith, the Son embrace,  
Plead his promise, trust his grace.

Lord, thine arm must be reveal'd,  
Ere I can by faith be heal'd ;  
Since I scarce can look to thee,  
Cast a gracious eye on me ;  
At thy feet myself I lay,  
Shine, O shine my fears away.

**55**

~~~~~

*Mariners.*

LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious ;  
See the man of sorrows now :  
From the fight returned victorious ;  
Every knee to him shall bow :  
Crown him, crown him !  
Crowns become the victor's brow.

Crown the Saviour, angels crown him ;  
Rich the trophies Jesus brings :  
In the seat of power enthrone him,  
While the vault of heaven rings :  
Crown him, crown him !  
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

Sinners in derision crowned him,  
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim ;  
Saints and angels crowd around him,  
*Own his title, praise his name ;*

**CHRIST ADORED.**

Crown him, crown him,  
Lead abroad the victor's fame.  
Hark, those bursts of acclamation !  
Hark, those loud triumphal chords !  
He takes the highest station ;  
What joy the sight affords !

Crown him, crown him,  
g of kings, and Lord of lords.

**3** : *Job.*

**AND, when my thoughts with wonder roll  
 the sharp sorrows of thy soul,  
 read my Maker's broken laws,  
 air'd and honoured by thy cross.**

en I behold death, hell, and sin,  
 quish'd by that dear blood of thine,  
 see the man that groan'd and died,  
 glorious by his Father's side.

passions rise and soar above,  
wing'd with faith, and fired with love;  
would I reach eternal things,  
learn the notes that Gabriel sings.

my heart fails, my tongue complains,  
want of their immortal strains ;  
, in such humble notes as these,  
t fall below thy victories.

**I, the kind minute must appear,  
 as we shall leave these bodies here.**

## CHRIST ADORED.

These clogs of clay, and mount on high,  
To join the songs above the sky.

57

*\*\*\*\*\**

*Horsley.*

NOW to the Lord, that makes us know  
The wonders of his dying love,  
Be humble honours paid below,  
And strains of nobler praise above.  
'Twas he that cleansed our foulest sins,  
And washed us in his richest blood;  
'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,  
And brings us rebels near to God.  
To Jesus our atoning priest,  
To Jesus our superior King,  
Be everlasting power confess'd,  
And every tongue his glory sing.  
Behold ~~on~~ flying clouds he comes,  
And every eye shall see him move;  
Tho' with our sins we pierc'd him once,  
Then he displays his pardoning love.  
The unbelieving world shall wail,  
While we rejoice to see the day;  
Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,  
Nor let thy chariots long delay.

58

*\*\*\*\*\**

*New Victory.*

*I'LL speak the honours of my King,  
His form divinely fair,*

---

## CHRIST ADORED.

None of the sons of mortal race,  
May with the Lord compare.  
Sweet is thy speech, and heavenly grace  
Upon thy lips is shed ;  
Thy God, with blessings infinite,  
Hath crown'd thy sacred head.  
Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince,  
Ride with majestic sway ;  
Thy terrors shall strike thro thy foes,  
And make the world obey.  
Thy throne, O God, for ever stands ;  
Thy word of grace shall prove  
A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,  
To rule the saints by love.  
Justice and truth attend thee still,  
But mercy is thy choice ;  
And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill  
With most peculiar joys.

59

~~~~~

*Refuge.*

OW for a tune of lofty praise,  
To great Jehovah's equal Son !  
wake, my voice in heavenly lays,  
Tell the loud wonders he hath done.  
ing how he left the worlds of light,  
And the bright robes he wore above ;  
ow swift and joyful was his flight,  
In wings of everlasting love.

## CHRIST ADORED.

Deep in the shades of gloomy death,  
Th' almighty captive prisoner lay ;  
Th' almighty captive left the earth,  
And rose to everlasting day.

Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,  
Up to his throne of shining grace ;  
See what immortal glories sit,  
Round the sweet beauties of his face.

Amongst a thousand harps and songs,  
Jesus the God, exalted reigns :  
His sacred name fills all their tongues,  
And echoes thro' the heav'nly plains.

60

~~~~~

*Derby.*

NOW, in a song of grateful praise,  
To Christ the Lord my voice I'll raise ;  
With all his saints I'll join to tell,  
My Jesus hath done all things well.

How sovereign, wonderful, and free,  
Has been his love to sinful me !  
He pluck'd me as a brand from hell ;  
My Jesus hath done all things well.

I spurn'd his grace, I broke his laws,  
And yet he undertook my cause ;  
He sav'd me tho' I did rebel ;  
*My Jesus* hath done all things well.

*And since my soul has known his love,  
What mercies hath he made me prove !*

## CHRIST ADORED.

**Mercies** which do all praise excel ;  
**My Jesus** hath done all things well.  
And when to yon bright world I rise,  
And join the anthems of the skies,  
Above the rest this note shall swell,  
**My Jesus** hath done all things well.

**61**

~~~~~

*Devize*

**MY Saviour**, my almighty friend,  
When I begin thy praise,  
Where will the growing numbers end,  
The numbers of thy grace!

Thou art my everlasting trust,  
Thy goodness I adore ;  
And since I knew thy graces first,  
I speak thy glories more.

My feet shall travel all the length  
Of the celestial road,  
And march with courage in thy strength  
To see my Father God.

When I am filled with sore distress  
For some surprising sin,  
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,  
And mention none but thine.

How will my lips rejoice to tell  
The victories of my King !  
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,  
Shall thy salvation sing.



---

CHRIST ADORED.

62

*Lewes.*

SAVIOUR dear, while angels bless thee,  
Suffer me to lisp thy name ;  
Lord of men, as well as angels,  
Thou shalt be my joyful theme :  
Hallelujah,  
Hallelujah, hallelujah, Amen.

Brightness of the Father's glory,  
Shall thy praise unutter'd lie ?  
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence !  
Sing the Lord, who came to die.

Hal.

Did the angels sing thy coming ?  
Did the shepherds learn their lays ?  
Shame would cover me, ungrateful,  
Should my tongue refuse to praise.

Hal.

From the highest throne in glory,  
To the cross of deepest woe ;  
All to ransom guilty captives :  
Flow my praise, for ever flow.

Hal.

Go, return, immortal Saviour,  
Leave thy footstool take thy throne ;  
Thence return, and reign for ever,  
Be the kingdom all thy own.

Hal.

---

---

CHRIST ADORED

63

~~~~~

104th.

O WHAT shall we do our Saviour to praise ;  
So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace ;  
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem,  
The weakest believer that hangs upon him.  
How happy the man whose heart is set free,  
The people that can be joyful in thee !  
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,  
And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.  
Their daily delight shall be in thy name :  
Alone thro' thy right salvation they claim :  
Thy righteousness wearing, and cleansed by  
thy blood,  
Bold shall they appear in the presence of God.  
For thou art their boast, their glory, their  
power,  
And we also trust to see the glad hour ;  
Our souls new creation, our life from the dead  
The day of salvation that lifts up the head.  
On thy mighty power teach us to rely,  
All evil before thy presence must fly :  
Come Jesus, our Saviour, and never depart :  
For ever and ever come dwell in each heart.

64

~~~~~

Old Hundredth.

O THOU in whom the Gentiles trust,  
Thou only holy, only just,

## CHRIST ADORED.

Assist our souls to praise thy name,  
Jesus! unchangeable! the same!

If angels, while to thee they sing,  
Conceal their faces with their wing,  
How shall we, sinful dust, draw nigh  
The great, the awful Deity?

Glory to thee, auspicious Lamb!  
Thou holy Lord!—thou great I AM!  
Thy matchless power, thy grace we bless,  
Our joy, our peace, our righteousness.

Live, ever glorious Jesus, live,  
Worthy all blessings to receive;  
Worthy on high enthroned to sit,  
With every power beneath thy feet!

65

\*\*\*\*\*

*Holmsted.*

PRAISE the Lord who died to save us;

Praise his name for ever dear;

Praise his blessed name who gave us,

Eyes to see, and ears to hear.

Praise the Saviour,

Object of our love and fear.

Grace it was, 'twas grace abounding,

Brought him down to save the lost,

Ye above, his throne surrounding,

Praise him, praise him, all his host;

Saints adore him,

Ye are they who owe him most.

## CHRIST ADORED.

Ye, of all his hand created,  
Objects are of grace alone;  
Aliens once, but reinstated,  
Destin'd now to fill a throne:  
Sing with wonder,  
Sing of what the Lord has done.  
Praise his name who died to save us;  
'Tis by him his people live;  
And in him the Father gave us,  
All that boundless love could give:  
Life eternal,  
In our Saviour we receive.

66

*~~~~~ Falcon Street.*

TO God the only wise,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Let all the saints, below the skies,  
Their humble praises bring.  
'Tis his almighty love,  
His counsel, and his care,  
That keep us safe from sin and death,  
And every hurtful snare.  
He will present our souls  
Unblemish'd and complete,  
Before the glory of his face,  
With joys divinely great.  
Then all the chosen seed  
Shall meet around the throne,

## CHRIST ADORED.

Shall bless the conduct of his grace,  
And make his wonders known.

To our Redeemer God,  
Wisdom and power belong,  
Immortal crowns of majesty,  
And an unceasing song.

**67**                      *Portugal New.*

OUR shepherd alone, the Lord let us bless,  
Who reigns on his throne, the Prince of our  
peace ;

Whoever more saves us by shedding his blood  
All hail, holy Jesus, our Lord, and our God.

We thankfully sing thy glory and praise,  
Thou merciful spring of pity and grace :  
Thy kindness for ever to men we will tell.  
And say, our dear Saviour redeem's us from  
hell.

Preserve us in love, while here we abide ;  
O never remove thy presence, nor hide  
Thy glorious salvation 'till, joyful, we see  
The beautiful vision, completed in thee.

**68**                      *Eaton.*

WHAT equal honours shall we bring  
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,  
When all the notes that angels sing  
Are far inferior to thy name ?

## CHRIST ADORED.

Worthy is he that once was slain,  
The Prince of peace that groan'd and died ;  
Worthy to rise, and live and reign  
At his almighty Father's side.

All riches are his native right,  
Yet he sustained amazing loss :  
To him ascribe eternal might,  
Who left his weakness on the cross.

Honour immortal must be paid,  
Instead of scandal and of scorn :  
While glory shines around his head,  
And a bright crown without a thorn.

Blessings for ever on the Lamb,  
Who bore the curse for wretched men :  
Let angels sound his sacred name,  
And every creature say, Amen.

69

*Portugal New.*

YE heavens rejoice, in Jesus's grace ;  
Let earth make a noise, and echo his praise :  
The great congregation, below and above,  
Redeem'd by his passion, shall sing of his love  
Ye mountains and vales, in praises abound ;  
Ye hills, and ye dales, continue the sound ;  
Break forth into singing, ye trees of the wood  
For Jesus is bringing lost sinners to God.  
Atonement he made for each of his own ;  
Their debt he hath paid, their work he hath  
done ;

---

CHRIST ADORED.

With glad exultation his triumph proclaim,  
Ascribing salvation to God and the Lamb.

**70**

~~~~~

*Bermondsey.*

GLORY to God on high,  
Let heaven and earth reply,

“ Praise ye his name !”

Angels his love adore,  
Who all our sorrows bore ;  
And saints cry evermore,

“ Worthy the Lamb !”

All they around the throne  
Cheerfully join in one,

Praising his name ;

We, who have felt his blood  
Sealing our peace with God,  
Sound his dear fame abroad,

“ Worthy the Lamb !”

Join all the ransom'd race,  
Our Lord and God to bless ;

Praise ye his name :

In him we will rejoice,  
Making a cheerful noise,  
And shout with heart and voice,

“ Worthy the Lamb !”

Though we must change our place,  
Yet shall we never cease

Praising his name :

## CHRIST ADORED.

To him we'll tribute bring,  
Hail him our gracious King :  
And, without ceasing, sing  
“ Worthy the Lamb !”

**71**

~~~~~

*Trowbridge.*

**HAIL**, thou once despised Jesus !  
Hail, thou Galilean king !  
Who didst suffer to release us,  
Who didst free salvation bring :  
Hail thou glorious Lord and Saviour !  
Who hast borne our sin and shame ;  
By whose merit we find favour,  
Life is given through thy name !

**Paschal Lamb**, by God appointed,  
All our sins were on thee laid ;  
By Almighty love anointed,  
Thou hast full atonement made :  
Every sin may be forgiven,  
Through the virtue of thy blood :  
Open'd is the gate of heaven ;  
Peace is made 'twixt man and God !

**Jesus hail !** enthroned in glory,  
There for ever to abide ;  
All the heav'nly host adore thee,  
Seated at thy Father's side :  
There for sinners thou art pleading,  
“ Spare them yet another year ;”



## CHRIST ADORED.

There for saints art interceding,  
'Till in glory they appear.

Worship, honour, power, and blessing,  
Christ is worthy to receive ;

Lowest praises, without ceasing,  
Meet it is for us to give.

Help, ye bright angelic spirits,  
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays :

Help to sing our Jesus' merits,  
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

72

~~~~~

*Hart's.*

BRETHREN, let us join to bless,  
Jesus Christ, our joy and peace ;  
Let our praise to him be given,  
High at God's right-hand in heaven !

Master, see, to thee we bow ;  
Thou art Lord, and only thou !  
Thee the angels ceaseless sing ;  
Thee we praise, our Priest and King.

Thou the joyful news hast brought,  
Of salvation by thee wrought ;  
Wrought for all thy church ; and we  
Worship in their company.

We, thy little flock, adore  
'Thee the Lord for evermore :  
Ever with us shew thy love,  
'Till we join with those above !

---

CHRIST ADORED.

73

~~~~~ *Anticipation.*

COME, and let us sweetly join,  
Christ to praise in hymns divine ;  
Give we all with one accord,  
Glory to our common Lord.

Strive we, in affection strive,  
Let the purer flame revive,  
Such as in the martyrs glowed,  
Dying champions for their God.

Sing we then in Jesus's name,  
Now, as yesterday, the same ;  
One in every age and place,  
Full of love, and truth, and grace.

Christ is now gone up on high,  
Thither may our wishes fly ;  
There he sits enthron'd above,  
Thither follow him in love.

74

~~~~~ *Jerwin Street.*

COME, thou long expected Jesus,  
Born to set thy people free ;  
From our fears and sins release us,  
Let us find our rest in thee.

Israel's strength, and consolation,  
Hope of all the earth thou art :  
Dear desire of ev'ry nation,  
*Joy of every longing heart.*

## THE INCARNATION

Born thy people to deliver,  
Born a child, and yet a King !  
Born to reign in us for ever,  
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

By thine own eternal Spirit,  
Rule in all our hearts alone ;  
By thine all-sufficient merit,  
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

**75**

~~~~~

*Follett.*

JOY to the world, the Lord is come !

Let earth receive her king :  
Let every heart prepare him room,  
And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns !

Let men their songs employ ;  
While fields and floods, and hills and plains  
Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground :  
He comes to make his blessings flow  
Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and peace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of his righteousness,  
And wonders of his love.

**76**

~~~~~

*Warwick.*

*HARK, the glad sound, Messiah comes !  
The Saviour promis'd long,*

## OF CHRIST.

Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.

He comes the pris'ners to release,  
In satan's bondage held,  
The gates of brass before him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.

He comes the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure ;  
And with his righteousness and blood,  
T' enrich the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;  
And heavens eternal arch shall ring,  
With thy beloved name.

77

\*\*\*\*\*

*Nativity.*

HARK ! the herald angels sing,  
Glory to the new born king !  
Peace on earth and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconcil'd.

Joyful all ye nations rise,  
Join the triumphs of the skies ;  
With the heavenly host proclaim  
Christ is born in Bethlehem,  
Christ, by highest heavens ador'd,  
Christ, the everlasting Lord ;  
*Late in time behold him come,*  
*Offspring of a virgin's womb.*

## THE INCARNATION

Mild, he lays his glory by,  
Born, that man no more may die,  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth.

Come, desire of nations, come,  
Fix in us thy humble home ;  
Thou, the woman's conquering seed,  
Bruise in us the serpent's head.

Adam's likeness now efface,  
Stamp thine image in its place ;  
Second Adam, from above,  
Form our souls in faith and love,

78

~~~~~

*Irish.*

MORTALS, awake, with angels join,  
And chant the solemn lay ;  
Joy, love, and gratitude combine  
To hail th' auspicious day.

In heaven the rapturous song began,  
While sweet seraphic fire  
Through all the shining legions ran,  
And tun'd the golden lyre.

Swift thro' the vast expanse it flew,  
And loud the echo roll'd ;  
The theme, the song, the joy was new,  
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

Down through the portals of the sky,  
Th' impetuous torrent ran ;

## OF CHRIST.

And angels flew with eager joy,  
To bear the news to man.

Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,  
And glory leads the song ;  
Good-will and peace are heard throughout  
Th' harmonious heavenly throng.

Hail ! Prince of life, for ever hail !  
Redeemer, brother, friend !  
Though earth, and time, and life should fail,  
Thy praise shall never end.

79

~~~~~

*Bath Chapel.*

THE true Messiah now appears,  
The types are all withdrawn ;  
So fly the shadows and the stars  
Before the rising dawn.

No smoking sweets, nor bleeding lambs,  
Nor kid nor bullock slain ;  
Incense and spice of costly names  
Would all be burnt in vain.

Aaron must lay his robes away,  
His mitre and his vest,  
When God himself comes down to be  
The offering and the priest.

He took our mortal flesh, to shew  
The wonders of his love ;  
For us he paid his life below,  
And prays for us above.

## THE SUFFERINGS

"Father," he cries, "forgive their sins,  
For I myself have died ;"  
And then he shews his open'd veins,  
And pleads his wounded side.

80

~~~~~

*Foundling.*

THE Lord is come, the heavens proclaim  
His birth, the nations learn his name,  
An unknown star directs the road  
Of eastern sages to their God.

All ye bright armies of the skies,  
Go worship where the Saviour lies :  
Angels and kings before him bow,  
Those gods on high, and gods below.

Let idols totter to the ground,  
And their own worshippers confound ;  
But Judah shout, but Zion sing,  
And earth confess her sovereign King.

81

~~~~~

*Easter.*

HE dies, the Friend of sinners dies !  
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around ;  
A solemn darkness veils the skies ;  
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

Come saints and drop a tear or two  
For him, who groan'd beneath your load ;  
He shed a thousand drops for you,  
A thousand drops of richer blood.

## AND DEATH OF CHRIST.

Here's love and grief beyond degree,  
The Lord of glory dies for men !  
But lo, what sudden joys we see,  
Jesus the dead revives again.

The rising God forsakes the tomb,  
The tomb in vain forbids his rise,  
Cherubic legions guard him home,  
And shout him welcome to the skies !

Break of your tears, ye saints and tell  
How high our great deliverer reigns ;  
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,  
And led the monster death in chains.

Say " Live for ever, wond'rous king,  
Born to redeem ! and strong to save ;"  
Then ask the monster where's thy sting ;  
And where's thy victory boasting grave ?

82

~~~~~

Ulverston.

DEEP in our hearts let us record  
The deeper sorrows of our Lord ;  
Behold the rising billows roll  
To overwhelm his holy soul.

In long complaints he spends his breath,  
While hosts of hell and powers of death,  
And all the sons of malice join  
To execute their curst design.

Yet, gracious God, thy power and love  
Have made the curse a blessing prove ;



## THE SUFFERINGS

Hence shall his sovereign throne arise ;  
His kingdom is begun.

His cross a sure foundation laid  
For glory and renown,  
When through the regions of the dead  
He pass'd to reach the crown.

Exalted at his Father's side  
Sits our victorious Lord ;  
To heaven and hell his hands divide  
The vengeance or reward.

The saints from his propitious eye,  
Await their several crowns ;  
And all the sons of darkness fly  
The terror of his frowns.

88

~~~~~

*Letuch.*

IS this my Jesus, this my God,  
Whose tortur'd body, stain'd with blood,  
Hangs on th' accursed tree ?  
Who bows his head oppress'd with pain ?  
Nor does he murmur nor complain ;  
Yes, O my soul 'tis he !

Is this my Saviour, this my Lord,  
Whose feet and hands with nails are bor'd,  
And fasten'd to the tree ?  
Whose sacred head with thorns is crown'd,  
Whose pierced side receives the wound ?  
Yes, O my soul, 'tis he !

## AND DEATH OF CHRIST.

Is this my bleeding sacrifice,  
Who bows his head and calmly dies,  
High lifted on the tree ?  
Unknown by Gentiles, scoff'd by Jews,  
Whom the whole multitudes refuse ?  
Yes, O my soul, 'tis he !

And shall my soul again forget  
His love so free, immensely great ?  
O never let it be !

But let me always see the Lamb,  
And truly praise his gracious name,  
To all eternity.

**89** *Ascension New*

ALL hail the glorious morn  
That saw the Lord arise ;  
Whose vict'ries bright adorn,  
And lead him to the skies :  
Saints join to praise your risen Lord,  
And sing his grace with sweet accord.

Behold the Lamb of God  
The atoning sacrifice ;  
Sustains the dreadful load  
Of our iniquities:  
Sin death and hell, our cruel foes,  
All vanquish'd fell, when Jesus rose.

No more death's prison doors  
His conqu'ring powers withstand

## THE OFFICES AND

The bruised reed he never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest name.

Then let our humble faith address,  
His mercy and his power,  
We shall obtain delivering grace  
In the distressing hour.

106

~~~~~

*Follett.*

JESUS our Lord, ascend thy throne,  
And near thy Father sit :  
In Zion shall thy power be known,  
And make thy foes submit.

What wonders shall thy gospel do !  
Thy converts shall surpass  
The num'rous drops of morning dew,  
And own thy quick'ning grace.

God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,  
Nor changes what he swore ;  
Eternal shall thy priesthood be,  
When Aaron is no more.

Jesus our priest for ever lives,  
To plead for us above ;  
Jesus our King for ever gives  
The blessings of his love.

God shall exalt his glorious head,  
And his high throne maintain,  
Shall strike the powers and princes dead,  
Who dare oppose his reign.

TITLES OF CHRIST.

107

*Carmarthen New.*

JOIN all the glorious names  
Of wisdom, love and power,  
That ever mortals knew,  
That angels ever bore :  
All are too mean to speak his worth,  
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

Great Prophet of my God,  
My tongue would bless thy name ;  
By thee the joyful news  
Of our salvation came ;  
The joyful news of sins forgiven,  
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

Jesus, my great high-Priest,  
Offer'd his blood and died ;  
My guilty conscience seeks  
No sacrifice beside :  
His powerful blood did once atone,  
And now it pleads before the throne.

My dear almighty Lord,  
My conqueror and my King !  
Thy sceptre and thy sword,  
Thy reigning grace I sing :  
Thine is the power ; behold I sit  
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.

Now let my soul arise,  
*And tread the tempter down ;*

## THE OFFICES AND

This is the glorious day  
That our Redeemer made :  
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray ;  
Let all the church be glad.

Hosanna to the King  
Of David's royal blood ;  
Bless him, ye saints ; he comes to bring  
Salvation from your God.

We bless thine holy word,  
Which all this grace displays ;  
And offer on thine altar, Lord,  
Our sacrifice of praise.

113

~~~~~

*Hampshire*

BEHOLD the sure foundation stone,  
Which God in Zion lays,  
To build our heavenly hopes upon,  
And his eternal praise.

Chosen of God, to sinners dear,  
And saints adore the name ;  
They trust their whole salvation here,  
Nor shall they suffer shame.

The foolish builders, scribe and priest,  
Reject it with disdain ;  
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,  
And envy rage in vain.

What though the gates of hell withstood,  
Yet must this building rise ;

## TITLES OF CHRIST.

'Tis thine own work Almighty God,  
And woud'rous in our eyes !

114

~~~~~

*Compassion.*

LIKE sheep we went astray,  
And broke the fold of God,  
Each wandering in a different way,  
But all the downward road.

How dreadful was the hour  
When God our wanderings laid,  
And did at once his vengeance pour  
Upon the shepherd's head !

How glorious was the grace  
When Christ sustained the stroke !  
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,  
A ransom for the flock.

His honour and his breath  
Were taken both away :  
Join'd with the wicked in his death,  
And made as vile as they.

But God shall raise his head  
O'er all the sons of men,  
A make him see a num'rous seed,  
To recompence his pain.

“ I'll give him, saith the Lord,  
A portion with the strong ;  
He shall possess a large reward.  
*And hold his honours long.”*

## THE EXCELLENCY AND

In the dear bosom of his love,  
They must for ever rest.

**124** *Leach.*

HOW precious, Lord, thy sacred word ;  
What light and joy those leaves afford,  
To souls in deep distress :  
Thy precepts guide our doubtful way ;  
Thy fear forbids our feet to stray ;  
Thy promise leads to rest.

Thy threat'nings wake our slumb'ring eyes,  
And shew us where our danger lies ;  
But 'tis thy gospel, Lord,  
That makes the guilty conscience clean,  
Converts the soul and conquers sin,  
And gives a free reward.

**125** *Islington.*

GOD who in various methods told  
His mind and will to saints of old,  
Sent down his Son, with truth and grace,  
To teach us in these latter days.

Our nation reads the written word,  
That book of life, that sure record :  
The bright inheritance of heaven,  
Is by the sweet conveyance given.

God's kindest thoughts are here express'd  
*Able to make us wise and bless'd ;*

The doctrines are divinely true,  
 Fit for reproof and comfort too.  
 Ye British isles, who read his love  
 In long epistles from above,  
 (He hath not sent his sacred word  
 To every land) praise ye the Lord !

126

~~~~~

*Peru.*

THIS is the word of truth and love,  
 Sent to the nations from above ;  
 Jehovah here resolves to shew  
 What his almighty grace can do.

This remedy did wisdom find  
 To heal diseases of the mind ;  
 This sovereign balm, whose virtues can  
 Restore the ruin'd creature, man.

The gospel bids the dead revive,  
 Sinners, obey the voice and live :  
 Dry bones are rais'd, and cloth'd afresh,  
 And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.

Lions and beasts of savage name  
 Put on the nature of the lamb ;  
 Whilst the dark world esteem it strange,  
 Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.

May but this grace my soul renew,  
 Let sinners gaze and hate me too ;  
 The word that saves me does engage  
 A sure defence from all their rage.





## THE INVITATIONS

Venture on him, venture wholly,  
Let no other trust intrude;  
None but Jesus,  
Can do helpless sinners good.  
Saints and angels, join'd in concert,  
Sing the praises of the Lamb,  
While the blissful seats of heaven,  
Sweetly echo with his name:  
Hallelujah!  
Sinners here may sing the same.

129



*Chard.*

SINNERS obey the Gospel-word,  
Haste to the supper of our Lord:  
Be wise to know your gracious day,  
All things are ready; come away.

Ready the Father is to own,  
And bless his new returning son;  
Ready the loving Saviour stands,  
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

Ready the Spirit of his love,  
The hard, the stony, heart to move;  
T' apply, and witness, with the blood,  
And wash, and seal you sons of God.

Ready for you the angels wait,  
*To triumph in your bless'd estate;*  
*Tuning their harps, they long to praise*  
*The wonders of redeeming grace.*

OF THE GOSPEL.

**130**

*Heythorr.*

**COME** guilty souls, and flee away,  
To Christ to heal your wounds :  
**This** is the welcome gospel-day,  
Wherein free grace abounds.  
**God** lov'd the world and gave his Son,  
To drink the cup of wrath ;  
**And** Jesus says he'll cast out none,  
That come to him by faith.

**131**

**STOP**, poor sinner ! stop and think,  
Before you farther go ;  
**Will** you sport upon the brink  
Of everlasting woe ?  
**All** your sins will round you crowd,  
Sins of a blood crimson dye,  
**Each** for vengeance crying loud,  
And what can you reply ?  
**Say**, have you an arm like God,  
That you his will oppose ?  
**Fear** you not that iron rod  
With which he breaks his foes ?  
**Can** you stand in that great day,  
When he judgment shall proclaim,  
**And** the earth shall melt away  
Like wax before the flame ?  
*Though your heart be made of steel,  
Your forehead lin'd with brass ;*

## THE INVITATIONS

God at length will make you feel,  
He will not let you pass :  
Sinners then in vain will call,  
Though they now despise his grace,  
Rocks and mountains on us fall,  
And hide us from his face."

Yet, however, there is hope,  
You may his mercy know ;  
Though his arm is lifted up,  
He still forbears the blow :  
'Twas for sinners Jesus died ;  
Sinners he invites to come ;  
None who come shall be denied,  
He says, " There still is room."

**132**

~~~~~

*Invitation.*

**SINNERS** the gladsome tidings hear,  
The messengers of truth declare ;  
Pointing the way that leads to God,  
Salvation through a Saviour's blood.

Ye weeping souls, dry up your tears,  
Grace calls you to renounce your fears ;  
Justice was fully satisfied  
When on the cross our Jesus died.

Yea, let the vilest come to him,  
Who did the dying thief redeem ;  
Hearts base as hell he can control,  
And spread new influence thro' the soul.

## OF THE GOSPEL.

O, be ye reconciled to God !  
'Tis grace, free grace, that sounds abroad ;  
How bright the beams of mercy shine,  
In this salvation so divine !

133

\*\*\*\*\*

*Ulverston.*

WHY will ye lavish out your years,  
Amidst a thousand trifling cares,  
While in this various range of thought  
The one thing needful is forgot ?

Why will ye chase the fleeting wind,  
And famish an immortal mind ;  
While angels with regret look down  
To see you spurn a heavenly crown ?

The eternal God calls from above,  
And Jesus pleads his bleeding love ;  
Conscience awaken'd gives you pain ;  
And shall they join their pleas in vain ?

Not so, your dying eyes shall view  
Those objects which you now pursue ;  
Not so, shall heaven and hell appear,  
When the decisive hour is near.

Almighty God, thy power impart,  
To fix convictions on the heart ;  
Thy power unveils the blinded eyes,  
And makes the haughtiest scorner wise.

## THE INVITATIONS

**134**

~~~~~

*New Court.*

BEHOLD a stranger at the door!  
 He gently knocks, has knock'd before;  
 Has waited long, is waiting still;  
 You use no other friend so ill.  
 But will he prove a friend indeed?  
 He will, the very friend you need;  
 The man of Nazareth is he,  
 With garments dyed from Calvary.  
 O lovely attitude! he stands,  
 With melting heart and open hands;  
 O matchless kindness, and he shews  
 That matchless kindness to his foes!  
 Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine,  
 Turn out his enemy and thine:  
 Turn out that hateful monster, sin,  
 And let the heavenly stranger in.

**135**

~~~~~

*Horsley.*

COME weary souls with sin distress'd  
 Come and accept the promis'd rest;  
 The Saviour's gracious call obey,  
 And cast your gloomy fears away.  
 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,  
 O come, and spread your woes abroad;  
 Divine compassion, mighty love,  
 Will all the painful load remove.  
 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,  
 To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes:

## OF THE GOSPEL.

Pardon, and life, and endless peace ;  
How rich the gift, how free the grace !  
Lord we accept with thankful heart,  
The hope thy gracious words impart :  
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,  
And bless the kind inviting voice.

Dear Saviour, let thy powerful love  
Confirm our faith, our fears remove,  
And sweetly influence every breast,  
And guide us to eternal rest.

**136**

~~~~~

*Peru.*

HO every one that thirsts, draw nigh ;  
'Tis God invites the fallen race ;  
Mercy and free salvation buy,  
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.  
Come to the living waters, come ;  
Sinners obey your Maker's voice ;  
Return ye weary wand'ers home,  
And in his saving grace rejoice.  
See from the rock a fountain rise !  
For you in healing streams it rolls ;  
Money ye need not bring, nor price,  
Ye lab'ring burden'd, sin-sick souls.  
Nothing ye in exchange shall give ;  
Leave all you have, and are, behind ;  
Freely the gift of God receive,  
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

---

THE INVITATIONS

**137**

~~~~~

*Missionary.*

**YE** wretched, hungry, starving poor,  
Behold a royal feast,  
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,  
For every welcome guest,

See Jesus stands with open arms,  
He calls, he bids you come ;  
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms,  
But see, there yet is room.

Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart,  
There love and pity meet ;  
Nor will he bid the soul depart,  
That trembles at his feet.

O come, and with his children taste,  
The blessings of his love,  
While hope attends the sweet repast,  
Of nobler joys above.

There with united heart and voice  
Before th' eternal throne,  
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,  
In ecstasies unknown.

Ten thousand times ten thousand more  
Are welcome still to come ;  
Ye longing souls the grace adore ;  
Approach, there yet is room.

**138**

~~~~~

*Mariners.*

**HEARTS** of stone, relent, relent,  
By the cross of Christ subdu'd ;

## OF THE GOSPEL.

See his body mangled, rent,  
Cover'd with a gore of blood !  
Sinful soul, what hast thou done ?  
Murder'd God's eternal Son !

Yes, our sins have done the deed,  
Driven the nails that fix'd him there ;  
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,  
Pierc'd him with a cruel spear,  
Made his soul a sacrifice ;  
For a sinful world he dies.

Shall we put our Lord to pain ?  
Pursue to death our Saviour God ?  
Open tear his wounds again ?  
Trample on his precious blood ?  
Jesus, let thy murd'ers live,  
Whisper peace, and say forgive.

**139**

*~~~~~ Milburn Port*

LET every mortal ear attend,  
And every heart rejoice,  
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,  
With an inviting voice.

Ho ! all ye hungry starving souls,  
That feed upon the wind,  
And vainly strive with earthly toys,  
To fill an empty mind.

Eternal wisdom has prepar'd  
A soul-reviving feast,



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## THE INVITATIONS

And bids your longing appetites,  
The rich provision taste.

Ho ! ye that pant for living streams,  
And pine away and die ;  
Here you may quench your raging thirst  
With springs that never dry.

Rivers of love and mercy here  
In a rich ocean join ;  
Salvation in abundance flows,  
Like floods of milk and wine.

The happy gates of gospel grace  
Stand open night and day.  
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,  
And drive our wants away.

**140**

*~~~~~ Ebenezer New.*

O WHAT amazing words of grace  
Are in the gospel found !  
Suited to every sinner's case,  
Who knows the joyful sound.

Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,  
Are freely welcome here ;  
Salvation, like a river, rolls  
Abundant, free, and clear.

Come then, with all your wants and wounds,  
Your every burden bring ;  
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,  
A deep celestial spring.

## OF THE GOSPEL.

Whoever will, (O gracious word !)  
May of this stream partake ;  
Come, thirsty souls and bless the Lord,  
And drink for Jesus' sake.

Millions of sinners, vile as you,  
Have here found life and peace ;  
Come then and prove its virtues too,  
And drink, adore, and bless.

**141**

~~~~~

*Sheffield.*

SINNER, O why so thoughtless grown ?  
Why in such dreadful haste to die ?  
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,  
Heedless against thy God to fly !  
Wilt thou despise eternal fate,  
Urg'd on by sin's fantastic dreams ?  
Madly attempt th' infernal gate,  
And force thy passage to the flames ?  
Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains ;  
Behold the God of love unfold  
The glories of his dying pains,  
For ever telling ; yet untold.

**142**

~~~~~

*Dartford.*

SINNERS hear the Saviour's call ;  
He now is passing by :  
He has seen thy grievous fall  
And heard thy mournful cry :

---

## THE INVITATIONS

He has pardons to impart,  
Grace to save thee from thy fears ;  
See the love that fills his heart,  
And wipe away thy tears.  
Raise thy downcast eyes and see  
What throngs his throne surround ;  
These, though sinners once like thee,  
Have full salvation found :  
Yield not then to unbelief,  
While he says, "There yet is room ;"  
Though of sinners thou art chief,  
Since Jesus calls thee, come.

**143**

~~~~~

*Bedford.*

**SINNERS**, the voice of God regard ;  
'Tis mercy speaks to-day ;  
He calls you by his sov'reign word,  
From sin's destructive way.  
Like the rough sea that cannot rest,  
You live devoid of peace ;  
A thousand stings within your breast,  
Deprive your souls of ease.  
Your way is dark, and leads to hell ;  
Why will you persevere ?  
Can you in endless torments dwell,  
Shut up in black despair ?  
Bow to his sceptre and his word,  
Renouncing every sin ;

OF THE GOSPEL.

Submit to him your sov'reign Lord,  
And learn his will divine.

His love exceeds your highest thoughts,  
He pardons like a God :  
He will forgive your num'rous faults,  
Through a Redeemer's blood.

**144**

~~~~~

*Southampton*

HITHER, ye poor, ye sick, ye blind,  
A sin-disorder'd trembling throng ;  
To you the gospel calls, to you  
Messiah's blessings all belong.

Reason's and virtue's boasting sons  
Derive no blessings from this tree ;  
For sinners only Jesus died ;  
Then sure I hear he died for me.

'Twas with our griefs Messiah groan'd,  
'Twas with our guilt his soul was tried :  
Our punishment he took, he bore,  
And sinners liv'd when Jesus died.

Awake each heart, arise each soul,  
And join the blissful choirs above ;  
May nothing tune our future songs,  
But heavenly wisdom, heavenly love.

**145**

~~~~~

*Silver Street Chapel.*

YE dying sons of men,  
Immerg'd in sin and woe,

---

## THE INVITATIONS

The gospel's voice attend,  
Which Jesus sends to you :  
Ye perishing, and guilty, come,  
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

No longer now delay,  
Nor vain excuses frame ;  
He bids you come to-day,  
Tho' poor, and blind, and lame ;  
All things are ready, sinner, come,  
For every trembling soul there's room.

Believe the heavenly word  
His messengers proclaim ;  
He is a gracious Lord,  
And faithful is his name :  
Backsliding souls, return, and come,  
Cast off despair ; there yet is room.

Compell'd by bleeding love,  
Ye wand'ring sheep, draw near ;  
Christ calls you from above,  
His charming accents hear :  
Whoever will, now let him come,  
In mercy's breast there yet is room.

146

~~~~~

*Hampshire.*

RICH grace, free grace, most sweetly calls,  
Directly come who will,  
Just as you are, for Christ receives  
Poor helpless sinners still.

'Tis grace each day that feeds our souls,  
 Grace keeps us inly poor ;  
 And O that nothing else but grace  
 May rule for evermore.

147

~~~~~

*Berwick.*

LADEN with guilt, sinners, arise,  
 And view the bleeding sacrifice ;  
 Each purple drop proclaims there's room,  
 And bids the poor and needy come.

Beneath your crimes the victim stood,  
 Sign'd your acquittances with blood ;  
 Hereby stern justice is appeas'd ;  
 Sinners, look up, and be released.

Mercy, and peace, and righteousness  
 Beam from the Reconciler's face ;  
 Here look till love dissolve your heart,  
 And bid your slavish fears depart.

O quit the world's delusive charms,  
 And quickly fly to Jesus' arms ;  
 Wrestle until your God is known,  
 'Till you can call the Lord your own.

148

~~~~~

*Aldwinkle.*

FROM the cross uplifted high,  
 Where the Saviour deigns to die,  
 What melodious sounds I hear  
 Bursting on my ravish'd ear !

## THE INVITATIONS

Love's redeeming work is done,  
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

Sprinkled now with blood the throne,  
Why beneath thy burdens groan ?  
On my pierced body laid,  
Justice owns the ransom paid :  
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son ;  
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

Spread for thee the festal board,  
See with richest dainties stor'd,  
To thy Father's bosom press'd,  
Yet again a child confess'd ;  
Never from his house to roam,  
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

Soon the days of life shall end,  
Lo, I come, thy Saviour, friend,  
Safe thy spirit to convey  
To the realms of endless day ;  
Up to my eternal home  
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

**149**

*~~~~~ Tooley Street.*

HASTEN, O sinner, to be wise,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun ;  
The longer wisdom you despise,  
The harder is she to be won.

O hasten, mercy to implore,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun.

OF THE GOSPEL.

For fear thy season should be o'er,  
Before this evening's stage is run.

O hasten, sinner, to return,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun.  
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn,  
Before the needful work is done.

O hasten, sinner to be bless'd,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun ;  
For fear the curse should thee arrest,  
Before the morrow is begun.

O Lord, do thou the sinner turn,  
Nor let him stay the morrow's sun ;  
O may he not thy counsel spurn.  
But haste, deserv'd wrath to shun.

**150**

~~~~~

*Jubilee New.*

**BLOW** ye the trumpet, blow,  
The gladly solemn sound ;  
Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bound :  
The year of jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Exalt the Lamb of God,  
The great atoning Lamb ;  
Redemption by his blood  
Through all the world proclaim :  
The year of jubilee, &c.

Ye who have sold for nought  
Your heritage above,



THE INVITATIONS OF THE GOSPEL.

Shall have it back unbought,  
The gift of Jesus' love :  
The year of jubilee, &c.

Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
Your liberty receive :  
And safe in Jesus dwell,  
And bless'd in Jesus live :  
The year of jubilee, &c.

The gospel trumpet hear,  
The news of heavenly grace ;  
Ye happy souls, draw near,  
Behold your Saviour's face :  
The year of jubilee, &c.

151

~~~~~

*Harwich.*

ALL ye that pass by to Jesus draw nigh ;  
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die ?  
Our ransom and peace, our surety he is :  
Come see if there ever was sorrow like his.

The Lord in the day of vengeance did lay  
Our sins on the Lamb ; and he bore them  
away :

He died to atone for sins not his own ;  
The Father hath punish'd for us his dear Son.

For you and for me he pray'd on the tree ;  
The prayer is accepted,—the sinner is free :  
My pardon I claim, a sinner I am,  
A sinner believing in Jesus's name.

With joy we approve the plan of his love,  
 Awonder below and a wonder above :  
 When time is no more we still shall adore  
 That ocean of love, without bottom or shore.

152

~~~~~

*Chard.*

O THAT thou would'st thine heavens rend,  
 And with thy mighty grace descend ;  
 Proclaim thy name, of great renown,  
 Subdue the world, and wear the crown.

Ride in the chariot of thy word,  
 Ride on and prosper, gracious Lord ;  
 From conqu'ring, and to conquer go.  
 And bring a world of rebels low.

Bid thy commission'd saints proclaim  
 The glories of thy lovely name ;  
 'Till worlds unborn shall learn to praise  
 The conquests of almighty grace.

From pole to pole, let sinners know  
 The wonders that thine arm can do ;  
 'Till all the kingdoms shall become  
 The kingdoms of the Lord alone.

153

~~~~~

*Antigua.*

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
 Does his successive journies run ;  
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
 'Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

## THE PROMULGATION

For him shall endless prayer be made,  
And praises throng to crown his head ;  
His name like sweet perfume shall rise,  
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his name.

Blessings abound where'er he reigns,  
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are bless'd.

Where he displays his healing power,  
Death and the curse are known no more :  
In him the tribes of Adam boast  
More blessings than their father lost.

Let every creature rise and bring  
Peculiar honours to our King ;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the long Amen.

**154**

~~~~~

*Missionary*

SHINE, mighty God, on Britain shine,  
With beams of heavenly grace ;  
Reveal thy power thro' all our coasts,  
And shew thy smiling face.  
Amidst our isle, exalted high,  
Do thou our glory stand ;

---

## OF THE GOSPEL.

And like a wall of guardian fire  
Surround thy fav'rite land.

When shall thy name, from shore to shore,  
Sound all the earth abroad,  
And distant nations know and love  
Their Saviour and their God.

Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,  
Sing loud with solemn voice;  
While British tongues exalt his praise,  
And British hearts rejoice.

Earth shall obey her Maker's will,  
And yield a full increase;  
Our God will crown his chosen isle  
With fruitfulness and peace.

God the Redeemer scatters round  
His choicest favours here;  
And the creation's utmost bound  
Shall see, adore, and fear.

**155**

~~~~~

*Bromley.*

GREAT God, whose universal sway  
The known and unknown worlds obey,  
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,  
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,  
All heaven submits to his commands;  
His justice shall avenge the poor,  
And pride and rage prevail no more.

---

## THE PROMULGATION

With power he vindicates the just,  
And treads the oppressor in the dust ;  
His worship and his fear shall last  
'Till hours and years and time be pass'd.

As rain on meadows newly mown,  
So will he send his influence down ;  
His grace on fainting souls distils  
Like early dew on thirsty hills.

The heathen lands that lie beneath  
The shades of overspreading death,  
Revive at his first dawning light ;  
And deserts blossom at the sight.

The saints shall flourish in his days,  
Dress'd in the robes of joy and praise ;  
Peace, like a river, from his throne  
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

**156**



*Victory.*

WHEN Jesus first at heaven's command,  
Descended from his azure throne,  
Attending angels join'd his praise,  
Who claim'd the kingdoms for his own :  
Hail Immanuel ! Immanuel we'll adore,  
And sound his fame from shore to shore.

Girt with omnipotence and grace :  
The pow'rs of darkness trembling stood,  
To hear the dire decree, and feel  
The vengeance of the mighty God.

---

## OF THE GOSPEL.

Not with the sword that warriors wear,  
But with a sceptre dipt in blood,  
He bends the nations to obey,  
And rules them by the love of God.  
Ride on and prosper, King of kings,  
'Till all the powers of hell resign  
Their dreadful trophies at thy feet,  
And endless glory shall be thine.  
Go with thy servants, gracious Lord,  
And bid them tread the tempter down ;  
Be more than conqu'ror by thy word,  
And wear the universal crown.  
Soon shall the monster sin submit  
His hateful sceptre to thy call ;  
Death and death's author soon shall die,  
And Jesus Christ be All in All.

**157**

~~~~~

*Job.*

**CAPTAIN** of thine enlisted host,  
Display thy glorious banner high :  
The summons send from coast to coast,  
And call a numerous army nigh.  
A solemn jubilee proclaim,  
Proclaim the great sabbatic-day ;  
Assert the glories of thy name,  
Spoil Satan of his wished-for prey.  
Bid, bid thine heralds publish loud  
The peaceful blessings of thy reign ;

---

## THE PROMULGATION

And when they speak of sprinkling blood,  
The mystery to the heart explain.

158

*~~~~~ Fordingbridge.*

BEHOLD th' expected time draws near,  
The shades disperse, the dawn appears ;  
The barren wilderness assumes  
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom.

Events, with prophecies conspire,  
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire ;  
The rip'ning fields, already white,  
Present a harvest to our sight.

The untaught heathen waits to know  
The joy the gospel will bestow :  
The exil'd slave waits to receive  
The freedom Jesus has to give.

Come let us, with a grateful heart,  
In the blest labour bear a part :  
Our pray'rs and off'rings gladly bring,  
To aid the triumphs of our King.

159

*~~~~~ Hardcastle.*

O'ER those gloomy hills of darkness,  
Look, my soul, be still and gaze ;  
All the promises do travail  
With a glorious day of grace :  
Blessed Jubilee,  
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

## OF THE GOSPEL.

Let the Indian, let the negro,  
Let the rude barbarian see,  
That divine and glorious conquest  
Once obtain'd on Calvary :  
Let the gospel  
Soon resound from pole to pole.  
May the glorious day approaching,  
Thine eternal love proclaim ;  
And the everlasting gospel  
Spread abroad thy holy name,  
O'er the borders  
Of the great Immanuel's land.  
Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,  
Win and conquer, never cease ;  
May thy lasting wide dominions  
Multiply, and still increase ;  
Sway thy sceptre,  
Saviour, all the earth around.

**160**

~~~~~

*Emmanuel.*

ADAM our father and our head,  
Transgress'd, and justice doom'd us dead ;  
The fiery law speaks all despair,  
There's no reprieve, no pardon there.  
Call a bright council in the skies,  
Seraphs, the mighty and the wise,  
Speak—are ye strong to bear the load,  
The weighty vengeance of a God ?



---

## DOCTRINAL SUBJECTS.

In vain we ask ; for all around  
Stand silent through the heavenly ground ;  
There's not a glorious mind above  
Has half the strength or half the love.

But O ! unmeasurable grace !  
The Son of God takes Adam's place ;  
Down to our world the Saviour flies,  
Stretches his arms, and bleeds, and dies,

Amazing work ! look down, ye skies,  
Wonder and gaze with sweet surprise  
Ye saints below, and saints above,  
All bow to this mysterious love.

**161**

~~~~~

*Oxford.*

**HOW** sad our state by nature is !

Our sin, how deep it stains !

And satan binds our captive souls

Fast in his slavish chains.

But there's a voice of sov'reign grace

Sounds from the sacred word ;

Ho ! ye desparing sinners, come

“ And trust upon the Lord.”

My soul obey's th' almighty call,

And runs to this relief ;

I would believe thy promise, Lord,

O help my unbelief !

To the dear fountain of thy blood,

Incarnate God, I fly ;

---

## DOCTRINAL SUBJECTS.

Here let me wash my spotted soul  
From crimes of deepest dye.  
Stretch out thine arm victorious king,  
My rebel heart subdue ;  
Make me a suppliant at thy feet,  
And form my soul anew.  
A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
On thy kind arms I fall :  
Be thou my strength and righteousness,  
My Jesus and my all.

**162**

~~~~~

*Redemption.*

BURIED in shadows of the night,  
We lie till Christ restores the light.  
Wisdom decends to heal the blind,  
And chase the darkness of the mind.

Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears  
'Till his atoning blood appears,  
Then we awake from deep distress,  
And sing the Lord our righteousness.

Our very frame is mix'd with sin ;  
His spirit makes our natures clean :  
Such virtues from his suff'rings flow,  
At once to cleanse and pardon too.

Jesus beholds where satan reigns,  
Binding his slaves in heavy chains,  
He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks  
The iron bondage from their necks.

## DOCTRINAL SUBJECTS.

Poor helpless worms in thee possess  
Grace, wisdom, pow'r and righteousness ;  
Thou art our mighty All, and we  
Give our whole selves, O Lord to thee.

**163**

~~~~~

*Bath Abbey.*

NOW begin the heavenly theme,  
Sing aloud in Jesus' name ;  
Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,  
Triumph in redeeming love.

Ye who see the Father's grace  
Beaming in the Saviour's face ;  
As to Canaan on ye move,  
Praise and bless redeeming love.

Mourning souls dry up your tears,  
Banish all your guilty fears ;  
See your guilt and curse remove,  
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

Ye alas! who long have been,  
Willing slaves of death and sin,  
Now from bliss no longer rove,  
Stop and taste redeeming love.

Welcome all by sin oppress'd  
Welcome to the Saviour's breast :  
Nothing brought him from above,  
Nothing but redeeming love.

**164**

~~~~~

*Job.*

**BLOOD** has a voice to pierce the skies,  
'*venge ! the blood of Abel cries ;*

## DOCTRINAL SUBJECTS.

But the dear stream when Christ was slain  
Speaks peace as loud from every vein.

Pardon and peace from God on high,  
Behold, he lays his vengeance by ;  
And rebels that deserve his sword,  
Become the fav'rites of the Lord.

To Jesus let our praises rise  
Who gave his life a sacrifice :  
Who now appears before his God,  
And for our pardon pleads his blood.

165

~~~~~

*Lowell.*

NOT all the blood of beasts,  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.

But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away ;  
A sacrifice of nobler name  
And richer blood than they.

My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of thine,  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see  
The burden thou didst bear,  
When hanging on th' accursed tree ;  
And hopes her guilt was there.

---

## DOCTRINAL SUBJECTS.

Be his abounding mercy prais'd,  
His majesty adored.

When from the dead he rais'd his Son,  
And call'd him to the sky,  
He gave our souls a lively hope  
That they should never die.

What though our inbred sins require  
Our flesh to see the dust !  
Yet as the Lord, our Saviour, rose,  
So all his followers must.

There's an inheritance divine  
Reserv'd against that day,  
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,  
And cannot waste away.

Saints, by the power of God, are kept  
'Till the salvation come ;  
We walk by faith, as strangers here,  
'Till Christ shall call us home.

190

\*\*\*\*\*

*Trumpet.*

WE sing his love who once was slain,  
Who soon o'er death reviv'd again ;  
That all his saints through him might have  
Eternal conquests o'er the grave :  
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we  
Shall rise to immortality.

*The saints who now in Jesus sleep,  
His own almighty power shall keep.*

## DOCTRINAL SUBJECTS.

'Till dawns the bright illustrious day,  
When death itself shall die away.

How loud shall our glad voices sing,  
When Christ his risen saints shall bring,  
From beds of dust and silent clay,  
To realms of everlasting day.

When Jesus we in glory meet,  
Our utmost joys shall be complete ;  
When landed on that heavenly shore,  
Death and the curse will be no more.

Hasten, dear Lord, the glorious day,  
And this delightful scene display ;  
When all thy saints from death shall rise,  
Raptur'd in bliss beyond the skies.

191

~~~~~

*Doversdale.*

THUS far we're spar'd, again to meet  
Before Jehovah's mercy-seat ;  
To seek his face, to praise and pray,  
And hail another sabbath-day.

Let every heart its silence break,  
Let every tongue his goodness speak,  
Who deigns his glory to display,  
On each returning sabbath-day.

While myriads of the blood bought race  
Replete with love, before thy face,  
Their pure ecstatic homage pay  
Through one eternal sabbath-day ;

---

## THE SABBATH.

**195**

*~~~~~*

*Follett.*

BLEST morning, whose young dawning rays  
Beheld our rising God,  
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,  
And leave his dark abode.

In the cold prison of the tomb,  
The dead Redeemer lay ;  
'Till the revolving skies had brought,  
The third, th' appointed day.

Hell and the grave unite their force,  
To hold our God in vain,  
The sleeping conqueror arose,  
And burst their feeble chain.

To thy great name, almighty Lord,  
These sacred hours we pay ;  
And loud hosannas shall proclaim,  
The triumphs of the day.

Salvation and immortal praise  
To our victorious King ;  
Let heaven, and earth, and rocks, and sea,  
With glad hosannas ring.

**196**

*~~~~~*

*Hephzibah.*

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,  
He calls the hours his own ;  
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,  
And praise surround the throne.

To day he rose, and left the dead,  
And satan's empire fell ;

To-day the saints his triumphs spread,  
And all his wonders tell.

Hosanna to th' annointed King,

To David's holy son ;

Help us, O Lord, descend and bring  
Salvation from thy throne.

Blest be the Lord, who comes to men

With messages of grace ;

Who comes in God, his Father's name,  
To save our sinful race.

Hosanna in the highest strains,

The church on earth can raise ;

The highest heavens in which he reigns,  
Shall give him noble praise.

197

~~~~~

*Berwick.*

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing ;  
To shew thy love by morning-light,  
And talk of all thy truth at night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest,  
Let mortal cares all leave my breast ;  
O may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

My heart shall triumph in my Lord,  
Shall bless his works and bless his word ;  
His works of grace, how bright they shine !  
*How deep his counsels ! how divine !*



## THE SABBATH.

Fools never raise their thoughts so high ;  
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die ;  
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath  
Command their souls to endless death.

But I shall share a glorious part  
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,  
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

Then shall I see, and hear, and know,  
All I desir'd or wish'd below ;  
And every power find sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy.

198

~~~~~

*Job.*

LORD of the sabbath, hear our vows,  
On this thy day, in this thy house ;  
And own, as grateful sacrifice.  
The songs which from the desert rise.

Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love ;  
But there's a nobler rest above ;  
To that our lab'ring souls aspire  
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

No more fatigue, no more distress ;  
Nor sin, nor pain shall reach the place ;  
No groans to mingle with the songs,  
Which warble from immortal tongues.

No rude alarms of raging foes ;  
No cares to break the long repose ;

## THE SABBATH.

No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

O long expected day begin ;  
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin ;  
Fain would we leave this weary road,  
And sleep in death, and rest in God.

### 199                      ~~~~~                      *Evening Hymn.*

LORD, how delightful 'tis to see  
A whole assembly worship thee !  
At once they sing, at once they pray,  
They hear of heaven and learn the way.

I have been there, and still would go,  
'Tis like a little heaven below ;  
Not all that earth or hell can say,  
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

O write upon my mem'ry, Lord,  
The text and doctrine of thy word ;  
That I may break thy laws no more,  
But love thee better than before.

With thoughts of Christ and things divine,  
Fill up this foolish heart of mine ;  
That, hoping pardon through his blood,  
I may lie down, and wake with God.

### 200                      ~~~~~                      *Carmarthen New.*

LORD of the worlds above,  
How pleasant and how fair,

## PUBLIC WORSHIP.

The dwellings of thy love,  
Thine earthly temples are !  
To thine abode my heart aspires,  
With warm desires to see my God.

The sparrow for her young,  
With pleasure seeks a nest ;  
And wand'ring swallows long  
To find their wonted rest :  
My spirit faints, with equal zeal,  
To rise and dwell among thy saints.

O happy souls that pray  
Where God appoints to hear !  
O happy men that pay  
Their constant service there !  
They praise thee still, and happy they  
That love the way to Sion's hill.

They go from strength to strength,  
Through this dark vale of tears ;  
'Till all arrive at length,  
'Till each in heaven appears :  
O glorious seat, when God, our King,  
Shall thither bring our willing feet !

**201**                      *Portugal New.*

LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand  
In gardens planted by thy hand ;  
Let me within thy courts be seen,  
Like a young cedar fresh and green.

## PUBLIC WORSHIP.

There grow thy saints in faith and love,  
Bless'd with thine influence from above ;  
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,  
Yields such a comely sight as these.

The plants of grace shall ever live ;  
(Nature decays, but grace must thrive)  
Time, that doth all things else impair,  
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

Laden with fruits of age they shew  
The Lord is holy, just, and true ;  
None that attend his gates shall find  
A God unfaithful or unkind.

**202**

*~~~~~ Martin's Lane.*

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,  
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are !  
With long desire my spirit faints  
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

My flesh would rest in thine abode,  
My fainting heart cries out for God ;  
My God, my king, why should I be  
So far from all my joys and thee ?

Bless'd are the saints who sit on high,  
Around thy throne of majesty ;  
Thy brightest glories shine above,  
And all their work is praise and love.

Bless'd are the souls that find a place  
Within the temple of thy grace ;

## PUBLIC WORSHIP.

There they behold thy gentler rays,  
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

Bless'd are the men whose hearts are set  
To find the way to Zion's gate ;  
God is their strength, and thro' the road,  
They lean upon their helper God.

Cheerful they walk, with growing strength  
'Till all shall meet in heaven at length ;  
'Till all before thy face appear,  
And join in nobler worship there.

**203**

*~~~~~ Milbourn Por*

HOW honorable is the place  
Where we adoring stand,  
Zion, the glory of the earth,  
And beauty of the land !

Bulwarks of mighty grace defend  
The city where we dwell ;  
The walls, of strong salvation made,  
Defy th' assaults of hell.

Lift up the everlasting gates,  
The doors wide open fling ;  
Enter ye nations that obey  
The statutes of our King.

Here shall you taste unmingled joys,  
And live in perfect peace ;  
You that have known Jehovah's name,  
And ventur'd on his grace.

---

## PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,  
And banish all your fears ;  
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,  
Eternal as his years.

**204**

*~~~~~*

*China.*

LORD, what a heaven of saving grace  
Shines through the beauties of thy face,  
And lights our passions to a flame,  
And makes us love thy charming name.

When I can say " My God is mine ;"  
When I can feel thy glories shine,  
I tread the world beneath my feet,  
And all that earth calls good or great.

While such a scene of sacred joys  
Our raptured eyes and souls employs,  
Here we could sit and gaze away  
A long, an everlasting day.

Send comforts down from thy right hand,  
While we pass through this barren land,  
And in thy temple let us see  
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.

**205**

*~~~~~*

*New Court.*

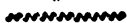
MY God ! how excellent thy grace ;  
Whence all our hope, our comfort springs !  
The sons of Adam in distress,  
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.  
From the provisions of thy house  
We shall be fed with sweet repast,

---

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

There mercy, like a river, flows,  
And brings salvation to our taste.  
Life, like a fountain, rich and free,  
Springs from the presence of the Lord;  
And in thy light our souls shall see,  
The glories promis'd in thy word.

**206**



*Peckham.*

EXALT the Lord our God,  
And worship at his feet;  
His nature is all holiness,  
And mercy is his seat.  
When Israel was his church,  
When Aaron was his priest,  
When Moses cried, when Samuel pray'd,  
He gave his people rest.  
Oft he forgave their sins,  
Nor would destroy their race;  
And oft he made his vengeance known.  
When they abus'd his grace.  
Exalt the Lord our God,  
Whose grace is still the same;  
Still he's a God of holiness,  
And jealous for his name.

**207**



*Southwark.*

HOW pleas'd and bless'd was I  
To hear the people cry,  
"Come let us seek our God to-day!"

---

## PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Yes, with a cheerful zeal  
We haste to Zion's hill,  
And there our vows and honours pay.  
Zion, thrice happy place,  
Adorn'd with wond'rous grace;  
And walls of strength embrace thee round;  
In thee our tribes appear  
To pray, and praise, and hear  
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

There David's mighty Son  
Has fixed his royal throne,  
He sits for grace and judgment there;  
He bids the saints be glad,  
He makes the sinners sad,  
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

May peace attend thy gate,  
And joy within thee wait,  
To bless the soul of every guest!  
The man that seeks thy peace,  
And wishes thine increase,  
A thousand blessings on him rest!

208

~~~~~

*Zion Church.*

HOW did my heart rejoice to hear  
Thy saints devoutly say,  
" In Zion let us all appear,  
And keep the solemn day.  
I love her gates, I love the road;  
The church adorn'd with grace,



---

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Stands like a palace built for God,  
To shew his milder face.  
Up to her courts with joys unknown,  
Our cheerful feet repair ;  
There sits our Jesus on his throne,  
And rules in judgment there.  
He hears our praises and complaints,  
And while his awful voice  
Divides the sinners from the saints,  
We tremble and rejoice.  
Peace be within this sacred place,  
And joy a constant guest !  
With holy gifts and heavenly grace  
Be her attendants bless'd !  
My soul shall pray for Zion still,  
While life or breath remains ;  
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,  
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

209

~~~~~

*Lonsdale.*

COME, we that love the Lord,  
And let our joys be known :  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround the throne.  
The sorrows of the mind  
Be banish'd from this place ;  
Religion never was design'd  
To make our pleasures less.

---

## PUBLIC WORSHIP.

The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below ;  
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,  
From faith and hope may grow.

The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry ;  
We're marching through Immanuel's ground  
To fairer worlds on high.

There we shall see his face,  
And never, never sin :  
There, from the rivers of his grace,  
Drink endless pleasures in.

**210**

~~~~~

*Falcon Street.*

FAR as thy name is known  
The world declares thy praise ;  
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,  
Their songs of honour raise.

With joy let Judah stand  
On Zion's chosen hill,  
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,  
And counsels of thy will.

Let strangers walk around  
The city where we dwell,

---

## PUBLIC WORSHIP

Compass and view thine holy ground,  
And mark the building well ;

The order of thine house,  
The worship of thy court,  
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows ;  
And make a fair report.

How decent and how wise :  
How glorious to behold !  
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,  
And rites adorned with gold.

The God we worship now  
Will guide us 'till we die,  
Will be our God while here below,  
And ours above the sky.

211

~~~~~

*Foundling.*

GREAT God, attend, while Sion sings  
The joy that from thy presence springs ;  
To spend one day with thee on earth  
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

Might I enjoy the meanest place  
Within thy house, O God of grace,  
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,  
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

God is our sun, he makes our day ;  
God is our shield, he guards our way  
From all the assaults of hell and sin,  
From foes without, and foes within.

## PUBLIC WORSHIP.

All needful grace will God bestow,  
And crown that grace with glory too ;  
He gives us all things and withholds  
No real good from upright souls.

O God, our King, whose sov'reign sway  
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,  
How blessed, and how safe is he,  
Who surely trusts alone in thee.

**212**

*~~~~~ Sutton Colefield.*

NOT with our mortal eyes  
Have we beheld the Lord ;  
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,  
And love him in his word.

On earth we want the sight  
Of our Redeemer's face,  
Yet Lord, our inmost thoughts delight,  
To dwell upon thy grace.

And when we taste thy love,  
Our joys divinely grow  
Unspeakable, like those above,  
And heaven begins below.

**213**

*~~~~~*

*Frome.*

MY soul, how lovely is the place  
To which thy God resorts !  
'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,  
Tho' in his earthly courts.

## PUBLIC WORSHIP.

There the great monarch of the skies  
His saving power displays,  
And light breaks in upon our eyes  
With kind and quickening rays.  
With his rich gifts, the heavenly dove  
Descends and fills the place,  
While Christ reveals his wond'rous love  
And sheds abroad his grace.  
There mighty God, thy words declare  
The secrets of thy will ;  
And still we seek thy mercy there,  
And sing thy praises still.  
Lord, at thy threshold I would wait,  
While Jesus is within,  
Rather than fill a throne of state,  
Or live in tents of sin.  
Could I command the spacious land,  
And the more boundless sea,  
For one blest hour at thy right hand  
I'd give them both away.

214

~~~~~

*Abingdon*

NOT to the terrors of the Lord,  
The tempest, fire, and smoke,  
Not to the thunder of that word  
Which God on Sinai spoke :  
But we are come to Sion's hill,  
The city of our God,

## PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Where milder words declare his will,  
And spread his love abroad.

Behold th' innumerable host  
Of angels cloth'd in light !  
Behold the spirits of the just,  
Whose faith is turn'd to sight !

The saints on earth and all the dead  
But one communion make ;  
All join in Christ, their living head ;  
And of his grace partake.

In such society as this  
My weary soul would rest ;  
The man that dwells where Jesus is  
Must be for ever bless'd.

215

~~~~~

*Warwick.*

WHAT shall I render to my God,  
For all his kindness shewn ?  
My feet shall visit thine abode,  
My songs address thy throne.

Amongst the saints that fill thine house  
My offerings shall be paid,  
There shall my zeal perform the vows  
My soul in anguish made.

How much is mercy thy delight,  
Thou ever blessed God !  
How dear thy servants in thy sight !  
How precious is their blood !

---

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

How happy all thy servants are !

How great thy grace to me !

My life, which thou hast made thy care.

Lord I devote to thee.

Now I am thine, for ever thine,

Nor shall my purpose move :

Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain,

And bound me with thy love.

Here in thy courts I leave my vow,

And thy rich grace record ;

Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,

If I forsake the Lord.

**216**

~~~~~

*Auburn*

GOD my supporter and my hope,

My help for ever near ;

Thine arm of mercy held me up,

When sinking in despair.

Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet

Through this dark wilderness ;

Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,

To dwell before thy face.

Were I in heaven without my God,

'Twould be no joy to me ;

And while this earth is my abode,

I long for none but thee.

What if the springs of life were broke,

And flesh and heart should faint ;

## PUBLIC WORSHIP.

God is my soul's eternal rock,  
The strength of every saint.  
Behold the sinners that remove  
Far from thy presence die ;  
Not all the idol gods they love  
Can save them when they cry.  
But to draw near to thee, my God,  
Shall be my sweet employ :  
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,  
And tell the world my joy.

**217**      *Bradley Church.*

MY God, permit my tongue  
This joy, to call thee mine ;  
And let my early cries prevail  
To taste thy love divine.  
For life, without thy love,  
No relish can afford ;  
No joy can be compared with this,  
To serve and please the Lord.  
Within thy churches, Lord,  
My soul would find a place,  
Thy power and glory to behold,  
And feel thy quick'ning grace.  
To thee I'll lift mine hands,  
And praise thee while I live ;  
Not the rich dainties of a feast  
Such food or pleasure give.



PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Since thou hast been my help,  
To thee my spirit flies;  
And on thy watchful providence  
My cheerful hope relies.  
The shadow of thy wings  
My soul in safety keeps:  
I follow where my Father leads,  
And he supports my steps.

218

~~~~~

*Farrington.*

EARLY, my God, without delay  
I haste to seek thy face;  
My thirsty spirit faints away,  
Without thy cheering grace.  
I've seen thy glory and thy power  
Through all thy temple shine;  
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,  
That vision so divine.  
Not all the blessings of a feast  
Can please my soul so well,  
As when thy richer grace I taste,  
And in thy presence dwell.  
Not life itself, with all her joys,  
Can my best passions move,  
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,  
As thy forgiving love.  
Thus, till my last expiring day,  
I'll bless my God and King;

---

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Thus will I lift my hands to pray,  
And tune my lips to sing.

219

~~~~~

*Refuge.*

AWAY from every mortal care,  
Away from earth, our souls retreat ;  
We leave this worthless world afar,  
And wait and worship near thy seat.  
While here our various wants we mourn,  
United groans ascend on high ;  
And prayer bears a quick return  
Of blessings in variety,  
If satan rage and sin grow strong,  
Here we receive some cheering word ;  
We gird the gospel armour on  
To fight the battles of the Lord.  
Or if our spirit faints and dies,  
Our conscience gall'd with inward stings,  
Here doth the righteous sun arise  
With healing beams beneath his wings.  
Father, my soul would still abide  
Within thy temple, near thy side ;  
But if my feet must hence depart,  
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

220

~~~~~

*Oxford.*

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear  
My voice ascending high :

## PUBLIC WORSHIP.

To thee will I direct my prayer,  
To thee lift up mine eye :

Up to the hills where Christ is gone  
To plead for all his saints,  
Presenting at his Father's throne  
Our songs and our complaints.

Thou art a God, before whose sight  
The wicked shall not stand ;  
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,  
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

But to thy house will I resort,  
To taste thy mercies there ;  
I will frequent thine holy court,  
And worship in thy fear.

O may thy Spirit guide my feet  
In ways of righteousness !  
Make every path of duty straight  
And plain before my face.

**221**      *~~~~~*      *New Victory.*

GLORY to God that walks the sky,  
That sends his blessings through ;  
That tells his saints of joys on high,  
And gives a taste below.

Glory to God that stoops his throne  
That dust and worms may see't ;  
And brings a glimpse of glory down,  
*Around his sacred feet.*

---

## PUBLIC WORSHIP.

When Christ, with all his graces crown'd,  
Sheds his kind beams abroad,  
'Tis a young heaven on earthly ground,  
And glory in the bud.

But ah! how soon my joys decay!  
How soon my sins arise,  
And snatch the heavenly scene away  
From these lamenting eyes!

Up to the fields above the skies  
My hasty feet would go,  
There everlasting flowers arise,  
And joys unwithering grow.

222

\*\*\*\*\*

*Mansfield.*

GREAT is the Lord our God,  
And let his praise be great;  
He makes the churches his abode,  
His most delightful seat.

These temples of his grace,  
How beautiful they stand;  
The honours of our native place,  
And bulwarks of our land.

In Zion God is known,  
A refuge in distress;  
How bright has his salvation shone  
Through all her palaces!

Oft have our fathers told,  
Our eyes have often seen,

---

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Hallelujah ! they cry,  
To the King of the sky,  
To the great everlasting I AM ;  
To the Lamb that was slain  
And liveth again ;  
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb !

**231**                      *Nehe-miah.*

YE that obey the immortal King,  
Attend his holy place ;  
Bow to the glories of his power,  
And bless his wond'rous grace.  
Lift up your hands by morning light,  
And send your souls on high :  
Raise your admiring thoughts by night,  
Above the starry sky.

The God of Zion cheers our hearts  
With rays of quickening grace ;  
The God that spreads the heavens abroad,  
And rules the swelling seas.

**232**                      *Portugal New.*

YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,  
And publish abroad his wonderful name ;  
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol ;  
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.  
God ruleth on high, almighty to save,  
And still he is nigh, his presence we have ;  
The great congregation his triumph shall sing  
*Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.*

## PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,  
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son :  
Our Jesus's praises the angels proclaim,  
Fall down on their faces, and worship the  
Lamb.

Then let us adore, and give him his right,  
All glory and power, and wisdom and might  
All honour and blessing, with angels above,  
And thanks never ceasing for infinite love.

**233**

~~~~~

*Eythorn*

COME, happy souls, approach your God

With new melodious songs ;

Come, render to almighty grace

The tribute of your tongues.

So strange, so boundless was the love,

That pitied dying men ;

The Father sent his equal Son,

To give them life again.

Then all was mercy, all was mild,

And wrath forsook the throne ;

When Christ on the kind errand came,

And brought salvation down.

Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,

And wipe your sorrows dry ;

Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,

And you shall never die.

See, dearest Lord, our willing souls,

Accept thine offer'd grace ;

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

We bless the great Redeemer's love,  
And give the Father praise.

**234**

~~~~~

*Sydenham.*

IN God's own house pronounce his praise,  
His grace he there reveals ;  
To heaven your joy and wonder raise,  
For there his glory dwells.

Let all your sacred passions move,  
While you rehearse his deeds ;  
But the great work of saving love  
Your highest praise exceeds.

All that have motion, life, and breath,  
Proclaim your Maker blest ;  
Yet, when my voice expires in death,  
My soul shall praise him best.

**235**

~~~~~

*Denmark.*

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations bow with sacred joy :  
Know that the Lord is God alone ;  
He can create, and he destroy.

His sov'reign pow'r without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;  
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we stray'd,  
He brought us to his fold again.

We'll crow'd thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heavens our voices raise ;

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command ;  
Vast as eternity thy love ;  
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

236

~~~~~

*Tuckers.*

WITH meekness let the saints appear,  
And bow before the Lord ;  
His high commands with rev'rence hear,  
And tremble at his word.

How terrible thy glories be !  
How bright thine armies shine !  
Where is the power that vies with thee ?  
Or truth compared to thine ?

Thy words the raging wind control,  
And rule the boisterous deep ;  
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,  
The rolling billows sleep.

Heaven, earth, and air and sea, are thine,  
And the dark world of hell ;  
How did thine arm in vengeance shine  
When Egypt durst rebel !

Justice and judgment are thy throne,  
Yet wondrous is thy grace ;  
While truth and mercy, joined in one,  
Invite us near thy face.



PUBLIC WORSHIP.

237

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*Le*

O JESUS, now we humbly pray,  
Be gracious to thy church to-day ;

Thy saving health impart :  
On us let heavenly dew distil,  
With love each empty vessel fill,  
And cheer each drooping heart.

Break every cord that binds us here,  
To heaven our best affections bear ;

Give each a single heart ;  
Give grace to conquer self and sin ;  
Give grace eternal life to win,  
E'er we from hence depart.

238

~~~~~

*Ha*

TO thy temple I repair,  
Lord, I love to worship there,  
When within the veil I meet  
Christ upon the mercy-seat.

Thou, thro' him, art reconciled ;  
I, through him, become thy child ;  
Abba ! Father ! give me grace ;  
In thy courts to seek thy face.

While thy glorious praise is sung,  
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue ;  
That my joyful soul may bless,  
Thee, the Lord, my righteousness.

While the prayers of saints ascend,  
God of love ! to mine attend ;

## PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads,  
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

While thy ministers proclaim  
Peace and pardon in thy name,  
Through their voice, by faith, may I  
Hear thee speaking through the sky.

From thine house when I return,  
May my heart within me burn ;  
And at evening let me say,  
“ I have walk'd with God to-day.”

**239**

*~~~~~*

*Martin's Lane.*

WE are a garden wall'd around,  
Chosen and made peculiar ground ;  
A little spot inclos'd by grace  
Out of the world's wild wilderness.

Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,  
Planted by God the Father's hand ;  
And all his springs in Zion flow  
To make the young plantation grow.

Awake, O heavenly wind, and come  
Blow on this garden of perfume :  
Spirit divine, descend and breathe  
A gracious gale on plants beneath.

Make our best spices flow abroad  
To entertain our Saviour God ;  
Let faith, and love, and joy appear,  
And every grace be active here.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone,  
 Let my religious hours alone;  
 Fain would my eyes my Saviour see;  
 I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

O warm my heart with holy fire,  
 And kindle there a pure desire:  
 Come, my dear Jesus, from above,  
 And feed my soul with heavenly love.

Haste, then, but with a smiling face,  
 And spread the table of thy grace;  
 Bring down a taste of fruit divine,  
 And cheer my heart with sacred wine.

Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare!  
 How sweet thy entertainments are!  
 Never did angels taste, above,  
 Redeeming grace, and dying love.

Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!  
 In thee thy Father's glories shine;  
 Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,  
 That eyes have seen, or angels known.

LORD, we come before thee now,  
 At thy feet we humbly bow;  
 O do not our suit disdain;  
 Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?  
 In thine own appointed way,  
 Now we seek thee, here we stay;

## PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Lord, from hence we would not go,  
'Till a blessing thou bestow.

Send some message from thy word,  
That may joy and peace afford ;  
Let thy Spirit now impart  
Full salvation to each heart.

Grant that those who seek may find  
Thee a God supremely kind ;  
Heal the sick, the captive free,  
Let us all rejoice in thee.

242

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*Oxford.*

ARISE, O King of grace, arise,  
And enter to thy rest !  
Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes,  
Thus to be own'd and bless'd.

Enter with all thy glorious train,  
Thy Spirit and thy word ;  
All that the ark did once contain  
Could no such grace afford.

Here, mighty God, accept our vows,  
Here let thy praise be spread ;  
Bless the provisions of thy house,  
And fill thy poor with bread.

Here let the Son of David reign,  
Let God's anointed shine ;  
Justice and truth his court maintain,  
With love and power divine.

## PUBLIC WORSHIP.

How cold and feeble is my love!  
How negligent my fear!  
How low my hopes of joys above!  
How few affections there!

Great God, thy sov'reign power impart,  
To give thy word success;  
Write thy salvation in my heart;  
And make me learn thy grace.

246

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*Foundli*

DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove  
Stoop down and take us on thy wings  
And mount and bear us far above  
The reach of these inferior things.

O, for a sight, a pleasing sight,  
Of our almighty Father's throne!  
There sits our Saviour crown'd with light  
Cloth'd in a body like our own.

Adoring saints around him stand,  
And thrones and powers before him sit  
The God shines gracious through the veil  
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

O what amazing joys they feel,  
While to their golden harps they sing  
And sit on every heavenly hill,  
And spread the triumphs of their King

When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,  
That I shall mount to dwell above.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

And stand and bow amongst them there,  
And view thy face, and sing, and love ?

247

~~~~~

*Suffolk.*

COME Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,  
With all thy quickening powers ;  
Kindle a flame of sacred love,  
In these cold hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these earthly toys ;  
Our souls, how heavily they go,  
To reach eternal joys.

In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise ;  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.

Dear Lord ! and shall we always be  
In this poor dying state ?  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
And thine to us so great ?

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers,  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love.  
And that shall kindle ours.

248

~~~~~

*Doverdale.*

COME Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,  
With light and comfort from above,  
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,  
O'er every thought and step preside.

## PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Conduct us safe, conduct us far,  
From every sin and hurtful snare ;  
Lead to thy word, that rules must give,  
And teach us lessons how to live.

The light of truth to us display,  
And make us know and choose thy way ;  
Plant holy fear in every heart,  
That we from God may ne'er depart.

Lead us to holiness, the road,  
That we must take to dwell with God ;  
Lead us to Christ, the living way,  
Nor let us from thy pastures stray.

Lead us to God, our final rest,  
In his enjoyment to be blest ;  
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,  
Where pleasure in perfection is.

249

~~~~~

*Mariners.*

HOLY Ghost dispel our sadness,  
Pierce the clouds of nature's night ;  
Come, thou source of joy and gladness,  
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.

Hear, O hear, our supplication,  
Loving Spirit, God of peace,  
Rest upon this congregation,  
Great distributor of grace.

Come, thou best of all donations  
God can give or we implore ;

## PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Having thy sweet consolations,  
We can ask or wish no more.

Author of our new creation,  
Bid us all thy influence prove ;  
Make our souls thy habitation,  
Shed abroad the Saviour's love.

250

~~~~~

*Whitby.*

COME, Holy Spirit, come,  
Let thy bright beams arise ;  
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,  
The darkness from our eyes.

Convince us of our sin,  
Then lead to Jesus' blood ;  
And to our wond'ring view reveal  
The secret love of God.

Revive our drooping faith ;  
Our doubts and fears remove ;  
And kindle in our breasts the flame  
Of never dying love.

'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,  
To illuminate the soul,  
To pour fresh life in ev'ry part,  
And new create the whole.

Dwell therefore in our hearts,  
Our minds from bondage free ;  
Then shall we know, and praise, and love  
The Father, Son, and Thee.



PUBLIC WORSHIP.

251

*Feedingbridge*

COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,  
By faith and love, in every breast;  
Then shall we know, and taste and feel,  
The joys that cannot be express'd.

Come, fill our hearts with inward strength  
Make our enlarged souls possess,  
And learn the height, and breadth, and length  
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

Now to the God, whose power can do  
More than our thoughts or wishes know,  
Be everlasting honours done,  
By all the church, thro' Christ his Son.

252

*~~~~~*

*Horsley*

O BLESS thy servant, dearest Lord,  
While he shall preach thy gracious word,  
May he declare delightful things,  
Touching the glorious King of kings.

O grant him bright celestial views,  
While he proclaims the joyful news,  
With holy zeal his soul inflame  
While he exalts the bleeding Lamb.

Give him strong faith, and glowing love,  
And shower down blessings from above,  
May we all hear the Saviour's voice,  
And all believe, and all rejoice.

BEFORE SERMON.

253

~~~~~

*Mariners.*

HOLY Ghost inspire our praises,  
Touch our hearts, and tune our tongues;  
Laud we now thy name, O Jesus,  
Heaven shall echo with our songs.

Every state, howe'er distressing,  
Shall be profit in the end,  
Every ordinance a blessing,  
Every providence a friend.

Blessed Lord, be thou our teacher,  
Helper, counsellor, and guide;  
Speak, in mercy, through the preacher,  
And the hearing ear provide.

Vain are learning, parts, and merit,  
Vain the native powers of man;  
Jesus, send thy Holy Spirit,  
To display the gospel plan.

254

~~~~~

*Oxford.*

COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,  
Let us thine influence prove,  
Source of the old prophetic fire,  
Fountain of life and love.

Come, Holy Ghost, for mov'd by thee,  
The prophets wrote and spoke;  
Unlock the truth, our teacher be,  
Unseal the sacred book.

Water, with heavenly dew, thy word,  
In this appointed hour;

---

## BEFORE SERMON.

Attend it with thy presence, Lord,  
And bid it come with power.

Open the hearts of all that hear,  
To make the Saviour room ;  
Now let us find redemption near ;  
Let faith by hearing come.

**255**

~~~~~

*Winwick.*

O JESUS our Lord,  
Thy name be ador'd, [word.  
For all the rich blessings conveyed thro' thy  
In spirit we trace,  
Thy wonders of grace,  
And cheerfully join in a concert of praise.  
The Ancient of days  
His glory displays,  
And shines on his chosen with cherishing rays.  
The trumpet of God,  
Is sounding abroad,  
The language is mercy, salvation thro' blood.  
Thrice happy are they  
Who hear and obey,  
And share in the blessings of this gospel day.  
The people who know,  
The Saviour below,  
With cheerful affection to worship him go.  
This blessing be mine,  
Thro' favour divine,  
*But, O my Redeemer, the glory be thine.*

---

## BEFORE SERMON:

The work is of grace ;  
Thine, thine be the praise,  
And mine to adore thee, and tell of thy ways.

**256**

*St. Michael's*

*Foundling*

THE God who once to Israel spoke,  
From Sinai's top, in fire and smoke,  
In gentler strains of gospel grace,  
Invites us now to seek his face.

He wears no terrors on his brow,  
He speaks in love from Zion now,  
It is the voice of Jesu's blood,  
Calling poor wand'ers back to God.

The holy Moses quak'd and fear'd,  
When Sinai's thund'ring law he heard,  
But reigning grace, with accents mild,  
Speaks to the sinner as a child,

Hark ! how from Calvary it sounds,  
From the Redeemer's dying wounds ;  
" Pardon and grace I freely give,  
Poor sinners look to me, and live."

Spirit divine, thy pow'r be felt,  
Now cause the stony heart to melt ;  
By Jesu's love each soul constrain,  
Nor let the word be preach'd in vain.

**257**

*St. Michael's*

*Warwick.*

NOW, Lord, inspire the preacher's heart,  
And teach his tongue to speak :

---

## BEFORE SERMON.

Food to the hungry soul impart,  
And cordial to the weak.

Now, mighty God, thine arm reveal,  
And make thy glory known ;  
Now let us all thy presence feel,  
And soften hearts of stone.

Send down thy Spirit, from above,  
That saints may love thee more ;  
And sinners now may learn to love,  
Who never lov'd before.

Furnish us all with light and powers,  
To walk in wisdom's ways ;  
So shall the benefit be ours,  
And thou shalt have the praise.

258

~~~~~

*Suffolk.*

NOW may the Spirit's Holy fire,  
Descending from above,  
His waiting family inspire,  
With joy, and peace, and love.


Touch, with a living coal, the lip  
Which shall proclaim thy word ;  
And bid us all devoutly keep  
Attention to the Lord.

259

~~~~~

*Hardcastle.*

IN thy name, O Lord, assembling,  
We, thy people, now draw near.



## BEFORE SERMON.

Teach us to rejoice with trembling ;  
Speak and let thy servants hear ;  
Hear with meekness ;  
Hear with joy and holy fear.

While our days on earth are lengthen'd,  
May we give them, Lord, to thee ;  
Cheer'd by hope, and daily strengthen'd,  
May we run, nor weary be ;  
'Till thy glory,  
Without clouds, in heaven, we see.

There in worship purer, sweeter,  
All thy people shall adore ;  
Tasting of enjoyment greater,  
Than they could conceive before ;  
Full enjoyment,  
Full, unmix'd, and evermore.

260

~~~~~

*Georgia.*

YE that in these courts are found,  
Listening to the joyful sound ;  
Lost and helpless as ye are,  
Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,  
Glorify the King of kings,  
Take the grace the gospel brings.  
Turn to Christ your longing eyes,  
View his bloody sacrifice ;  
See in him your sins forgiven,  
Pardon, holiness, and heaven :

---

BEFORE SERMON.

Glorify the King of kings,  
Take the peace the gospel brings.

**261** *Faloon Street*

HOW beauteous are their feet,  
Who stand on Zion's hill !  
Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal.

How charming is their voice !  
How sweet the tidings are !  
" Zion, behold thy Saviour King,  
" He reigns and triumphs here."

How happy are our ears,  
That hear this joyful sound,  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought, but never found,

How blessed are our eyes,  
That see this heavenly light ;  
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,  
But died without the sight !

The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.

The Lord makes bare his arm,  
Through all the earth abroad ;  
Let every nation now behold  
Their Saviour and their God.

262

~~~~~

*Mariners*

SOURCE of light and power divine,  
 Deign upon thy truth to shine ;  
 Help thy servant to proclaim  
 All the glories of thy name :  
 Satisfy his soul's desire,  
 Touch his lips with holy fire.

Breathe thy Spirit, so shall fall  
 Unction sweet on him and all ;  
 'Till, by odours scatter'd round,  
 Christ himself be trac'd and found :  
 Then shall every raptur'd heart,  
 Rich in joy and peace depart.

263

~~~~~

*Calcutta*

WELCOME, welcome, blessed servant,  
 Messenger of Jesus' grace !  
 O how beautiful the feet of  
 Him that brings good news of peace ;  
 Heavenly herald,  
 Publish now the joyful word.

Saviour, bless his message to us,  
 Give us hearts to hear the sound  
 Of redemption, dearly purchased  
 By thy suffering and wounds :  
 O reveal it  
 To our needy, waiting souls.  
 Give reward of grace and glory  
 To thy faithful labourer dear,



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AFTER SERMON.

Let the incense of our hearts be  
Offered up in faith and prayer :  
Bless, O bless him,  
Now, henceforth, and evermore.

**264**                      *Jewin Street.*

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,  
And the Father's boundless love,  
With the Holy Spirit's favour,  
Rest upon us from above.  
Thus may we abide in union  
With each other, and the Lord ;  
And possess in sweet communion,  
Joys which earth can ne'er afford.

**265**                      *Aaron.*

O THAT all may seek and find,  
Every good in Jesus joined ;  
Him let Israel still adore,  
Trust him, praise him, evermore.

**266**                      *Helmsley.*

SINNERS, will ye scorn the message,  
Sent, in mercy, from above ?  
Ev'ry sentence, O how tender !  
Ev'ry line is full of love !  
Listen to it,  
Ev'ry line is full of love !  
Hear the heralds of the gospel,  
News from Zion's King proclaim,

## AFTER SERMON.

To each rebel sinner, pardon,  
Free forgiveness in his name !

How important !

Free forgiveness in his name !

Who hath our report believed ?

Who received the joyful word ?

Who embrac'd the news of pardon,

Offered to you by the Lord ?

Can you slight it,

Offer'd to you by the Lord ?

O ye angels, hov'ring round us,

Waiting spirits, speed your way ;

Hasten to the court of heaven,

Tidings bear without delay ;

Rebel sinners

Glad, the message will obey.

**267** *Portsmouth New.*

ON what has now been sown,

Thy blessing, Lord, bestow ;

The power is thine alone,

To make it spring and grow :

Do thou the gracious harvest raise,

And thou, alone, shalt have the praise.

**268** *Auron.*

'TIS religion that can give

Sweetest pleasures while we live ;

'Tis religion must supply

Solid comfort, when we die.

---

AFTER SERMON.

If religion be our choice,  
Let us sing with heart and voice ;  
After death its joys shall be  
Lasting as eternity.

**269**

~~~~~

OF thy love, some gracious token,  
Grant us, Lord, before we go ;  
Bless thy word which has been spoken,  
Life and peace on all bestow :  
When we join the world again,  
Let our hearts with thee remain :  
O direct us,  
And protect us !  
Till we gain the heavenly shore,  
Where thy people want no more.

**270**

~~~~~

*Lock.*

THIS God is the God we adore,  
Our constant unchangeable friend,  
Whose love is as large as his power,  
And knows neither measure nor end.  
'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,  
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home ;  
We'll praise him for all that is past,  
And trust him for all that's to come.

**271**

~~~~~

*Ebenezer New.*

CHRIST and his cross is all our theme ;  
The myst'ries that we speak

---

## AFTER SERMON.

Are scandal in the Jews esteem,  
And folly to the Greek.

But souls enlightened from above,  
With joy receive the word ;  
They see what wisdom, power, and love  
Shine in their dying Lord.

The vital savour of his name  
Restores their fainting breath ;  
But unbelief perverts the same  
To guilt, despair, and death.

'Till God diffuse his graces down,  
Like showers of heavenly rain,  
In vain Apollos sows the ground,  
And Paul may plant in vain.

**272**

~~~~~

*Hanover.*

WHAT creatures beside are favour'd like us?  
Forgiven, supplied, and banqueted thus ;  
By God, our good Father, who gave us his Son,  
And sent him to gather his children in one.

Salvation's of God, the fruit of free grace,  
Upon us bestowed before the world was :  
God from everlasting be bless'd, and again,  
Bless'd to everlasting, Amen, and Amen.

**273**

~~~~~

*Mariners.*

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;

---

## DISMISSION.

Let us all, thy love possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming grace :

O refresh us,  
Travelling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give, and adoration,  
For the gospel's joyful sound ;  
May the fruits of thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound :

May thy presence  
With us evermore be found.

So whene'er the signal's given,  
Us from earth to call away,  
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,  
Glad to leave our cumb'rous clay,  
May we, ready,  
Rise, and reign in endless day

**274**      *Greenwich New.*

TO thee our wants are known,  
From thee are all our powers ;  
Accept what is thine own,  
And pardon what is ours :  
Our praises, Lord, and prayers receive,  
And to thy word a blessing give.

O grant that each of us  
Now met before thee here,  
May meet together thus,  
When thou and thine appear

---

## DISMISSION.

And follow thee to heaven, our home,  
E'en so, Amen—Lord Jesus, come!

**275**

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,  
Bid us all depart in peace,  
Still on gospel manna feeding,  
Pure seraphic joys increase,  
Fill our hearts with consolation,  
Up to heaven our voices raise;  
When we reach that blissful station,  
Then we'll give thee nobler praise;  
And sing, Hallelujah, to God and the Lamb,  
For ever and ever,  
Hallelujah, Amen.

**276**

~~~~~

*Job.*

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,  
Help us to feed upon thy word;  
All that has been amiss, forgive,  
And let thy truth within us live.

Though we are guilty, thou art good;  
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;  
Give every fettered soul release,  
And bid us all depart in peace.

**277**

~~~~~

*Gabriel.*

NOW we'd all, with grateful spirits,  
Join to bless the Prince of peace;  
Praise him for imparted favours,  
Praise him for displays of grace:

---

DISMISSION.

Lovely temple,  
When the Saviour's in the place.

Lord we wait the happy moment,  
Wait to rise at thy command,  
When thy chosen shall for ever  
Dwell in one united band ;  
All triumphant,  
Blest in Canaan's happy land.

There in purer sweeter concord,  
We, thy people, shall abide,  
And thro' one eternal sabbath  
Praise the Lamb once crucified :  
Then how glorious  
Shall appear thine honour'd bride.

Each glad saint shall swell the concert,  
Striving each to praise thee most ;  
And the joyful hallelujahs,  
Charm the whole angelic host ;  
Ever praising  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

278

~~~~~

Whitby

ONCE more before we part,  
We'll bless the Saviour's name ;  
Record his mercies every heart,  
Sing, every tongue the same.  
Hoard up his sacred word.  
And feed thereon and grow ;

## DISMISSION.

Go on to seek and know the Lord,  
And practice what you know.

**279**

OUR souls, by love, together knit,  
Cemented, mix in one ;  
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,  
'Tis heaven on earth begun.  
Our hearts have burn'd while Jesus spake,  
And glow'd with sacred fire ;  
He stop'd, and talk'd, and fed, and bless'd,  
And fill'd the enlarg'd desire.

A Saviour, let creation sing !

A Saviour, let all heaven ring !

He's God with us, we feel him ours ;  
His fulness in our souls he pours ;  
'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er,  
We'er joining them who're gone before,  
We soon shall reach the heavenly shore,  
We then shall meet to part no more.

**280**

*Leach.*

" WHEN two or three together meet,  
My love and mercy to repeat,  
And tell what I have done ;  
There will I be, saith God, to bless,  
And every burden'd soul redress,  
Who worships at my throne."

Make one in this assembly, Lord,  
Speak to each heart some cheering word,  
To set the spirit free ;



---

## PRAYER MEETING.

Impart a kind celestial shower,  
And grant that we may spend this hour  
In fellowship with thee.

**281**

~~~~~

*Wells.*

PRAYER was appointed to convey  
The blessings God designs to give ;  
Long as they live should Christians pray,  
For only while they pray they live.  
The Christian's heart his prayer indites,  
He speaks as prompted from within ;  
The Spirit his petition writes,  
And Christ receives and gives it in.  
And shall we in dead silence lie,  
When Christ stands waiting for our pray'r?  
My soul, thou hast a friend on high,  
Arise, and try thy interest there.  
If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,  
If cares distract, or fears dismay,  
If guilt deject, if sin distress,  
The remedy's before thee—pray.  
Depend on Christ, thou canst not fail,  
Make all thy wants and wishes known ;  
Fear not, his merits must prevail,  
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

**282**

~~~~~

*Martin's Lane.*

MAY he, by whose kind care we meet,  
Send his good Spirit from above ;



PRAYER MEETING.

Make our communication sweet,  
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

Forgotten be each worldly theme,  
When Christians meet together thus ;  
We only wish to speak of him,  
Who liv'd and died and reigns for us.

We'll talk of all he did and said,  
And suffer'd for us here below ;  
The path he mark'd for us to tread,  
And what he's doing for us now.

Thus, as the moments pass away,  
We'll love, and wonder, and adore ;  
And hasten on the glorious day,  
When we shall meet to part no more.

283

~~~~~

*Helmsley.*

THANKFUL for thy kind permission  
To appear before thy throne ;  
Lord we come with our petition,  
Though with claim and merit none ;  
All we ask for  
Is, we know, of grace alone.

Yet this grace sufficient ever,  
For thy people's need is found ;  
Sweet assurance ! never, never,  
Let us leave this solid ground ;  
This supports us  
From our wants and fears abound.

## PRAYER MEETING.

Lord, we plead with thee for pardon,  
Who can need it more than we?  
Make us as a water'd garden,  
Fruitful let thy people be:  
'Tis thy pleasure  
That thy people live to thee.

Guard us in a world of sorrow;  
When we call, O hear our prayer;  
Let us trust thee for the morrow,  
Free from boasting, free from care;  
When they trust thee,  
Truly bless'd thy people are.

284

~~~~~

*Harley.*

WHAT various hindrances we meet:

In coming to a mercy-seat,  
Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r,  
But wishes to be often there?

Pray'r makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,  
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw,  
Gives exercise to faith and love,  
Brings every blessing from above,

Restraining pray'r, we cease to fight;  
Pray'r makes the christian's armour bright;  
And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.

While Moses stood with arms spread wide,  
Success was found on Israel's side;

---

## PRAYER MEETING.

But when thro' weariness they fail'd,  
That moment Amalek prevail'd.  
Were half the breath so vainly spent,  
To heaven in supplication sent ;  
Our cheerful song would oft'ner be,  
" Hear what the Lord hath done for me."

285

~~~~~

*Herts.*

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare ;  
Jesus waits to answer prayer ;  
He himself has bid thee pray,  
Therefore will not say thee nay.

Thou art coming to a King ;  
Large petitions with thee bring ;  
For his grace and power are such,  
None can ever ask too much.

With my burden I begin ;  
Lord remove this load of sin ;  
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,  
Set my conscience free from guilt.

Lord, I come to thee for rest ;  
Take possession of my breast ;  
There thy blood-bought right maintain,  
And, without a rival reign.

While I stay, a pilgrim here,  
Let thy love my spirit cheer ;  
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,  
Lead me to my journey's end.

289

*Portugal New.*

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word ;  
What more can he say than to you he hath  
said,

You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled ?

In every condition, in sickness, in health,  
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth ;  
At home, and abroad, on the land, in the sea,  
As thy day may demand shall thy strength  
ever be.

" Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd  
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid ;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause  
thee to stand,

Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.

When thro' fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,  
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design  
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine."

The soul that on Jesus has lean'd for repose,  
I will not, I will not desert to his foes,  
That soul tho' all hell should endeavour to  
shake,

I'll never, no never, no never forsake !

290

*Dartford.*

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,  
Thy better portion trace ;

## ENCOURAGED.

Rise from transitory things,  
To heaven, thy destin'd place;  
Sun and moon, and stars decay;  
Time shall soon this earth remove :  
Rise, my soul, and haste away,  
To seats prepared above.

Rivers to the ocean run,  
Nor stay in all their course ;  
Fire ascending seeks the sun,  
Both speed them to their source :  
Thus a soul new-born of God,  
Pants to view his glorious face,  
Upwards tends to his abode,  
To rest in his embrace.

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,  
Press onward to the prize ;  
Soon your Saviour will return  
Triumphant in the skies :  
Yet a season, and you know  
Happy entrance will be given,  
All your sorrows left below,  
And earth exchanged for heaven.

**291**

~~~~~

*Woodbury Hill.*

GOD moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform ;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

## CHRISTIANS

Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,  
The clouds, ye so much dread,  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace ;  
Behind a frowning providence,  
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour ;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain :  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

**292**

~~~~~

*Anticipation.*

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,  
As ye journey, sweetly sing :  
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in his works and ways.

Ye are trav'ling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod ;

## ENCOURAGED.

They are happy now, and ye  
Soon their happiness shall see,  
Shout ye little flock, and blest,  
Ye on Jesus' throne shall rest ;  
There your seat is now prepar'd,  
There your kingdom and reward.

Fear not, brethren, joyful stand  
On the borders of your land ;  
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,  
Bids you undismay'd go on.

Lord ! submissive make us go,  
Gladly leaving all below ;  
Only Thou our leader be,  
And we still will follow thee.

### 293 *Mount Ephraim.*

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,  
Down from the willows take :  
Loud to the praise of love divine.  
Bid every string awake.

Though in a foreign land ;  
We are not far from home,  
And nearer to our house above,  
We every moment come.

His grace will to the end,  
Stronger and brighter shine ;  
Nor present things, nor things to come,  
Shall quench the spark divine.



## CHRISTIANS

When we in darkness walk,  
Nor feel the heavenly flame,  
Then is the time to trust our God,  
And rest upon his name.

Soon shall our doubts and fears  
Subside, at his control ;  
His loving kindness shall break through  
The midnight of the soul.

Blest is the man, O God,  
That stays himself on thee !  
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,  
Shall thy salvation see.

294

~~~~~

*Newbury.*

WHY does your face, ye humble souls,  
Those mournful colours wear ?  
What doubts are these that waste your faith  
And nourish your despair ?

What tho' your num'rous sins exceed  
The stars that fill the skies,  
And aiming at the eternal throne,  
Like pointed mountains rise ?  
What tho' your mighty guilt beyond  
The wide creation swell,  
And has its cursed foundation laid  
Low as the deeps of hell ?

*See here an endless ocean flows  
Of never-failing grace ;*

## OF CHRISTIANS.

When shall I find my willing heart  
All taken up with thee ?  
I humbly pray, I thirst to prove  
The greatness of redeeming love,  
The love of Christ to me.

O that I could for ever sit  
Like Mary, at the Master's feet ;  
Be this my happy choice :  
My only care, delight, and bliss,  
My joy, my heaven, on earth be this,  
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

O that I could, like favour'd John,  
Recline my weary head upon  
The dear Redeemer's breast ;  
From guilt, and care, and sorrow free,  
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee  
My everlasting rest.

Thy love alone do I require,  
Nothing on earth beneath desire,  
Nothing in heaven above :  
Let earth with all its trifles go,  
Give me, O Lord, thy love to know,  
Give me thy precious love.

**325**

~~~~~

*Lambeth.*

THOU Shepherd of Israel divine,  
The joy of the upright in heart ;  
For closer communion we pine,  
Still, still to reside where thou art !

## CHRISTIANS

He sustains thee by his hand,  
He enables thee to stand ;  
Those whom Jesus once hath lov'd,  
From his grace are never mov'd.

Human counsels come to nought ;  
That shall stand which God hath wro  
His compassion, love and power,  
Are the same for evermore.

Heaven and earth may pass away,  
God's free grace shall not decay ;  
He hath promis'd to fulfil  
All the pleasure of his will.

Jesus, Guardian of thy flock,  
Be thyself our constant rock :  
Make us by thy powerful hand,  
Strong as Sion's mountain stand.

297

~~~~~

AWAY my unbelieving fear !  
Let doubts no more my mind disgra  
My Saviour doth not yet appear,  
He hides the brightness of his face :  
But shall I therefore let him go,  
And basely to the tempter yield ?  
No—in the strength of Jesus,—No !  
I never will give up my shield.

*Altho' the vine its fruit deny,  
Altho' the olive yield no oil ;*

## TAKING COURAGE.

The withering fig-tree droop and die,  
The field illude the tiller's toil ;  
The empty stall no herd afford,  
And perish all the bleating race ;  
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,  
The God of my salvation praise.

Barren altho' my soul remain,  
And no one bud of grace appear ;  
No fruit of all my toil and pain ;  
But sin, and only sin is here ;  
Altho' my gifts and comforts lost,  
My blooming hopes cut off I see ;  
Yet will I in my Saviour trust,  
And glory that he died for me.

In hope believing against hope,  
Jesus my Lord and God I claim ;  
Jesus, my strength, shall lift me up ;  
Salvation is in Jesus' name :  
To me, I trust, he'll bring it nigh :  
My soul shall then outstrip the wind ;  
On wings of love mount up on high,  
And leave the world and sin behind.

298

~~~~~

*Hanover.*

THO' God may delay to shew us his light,  
And heaviness may endure for a night ;  
Yet joy in the morning shall surely abound,  
No shadow of turning in Jesus is found.

THE DESIRES AND PRAYERS

328

~~~~~

*Ulverston.*

MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,  
I read my duty in thy word,  
But in thy life the law appears  
Drawn out in living characters.

Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,  
Such def'rence to thy Father's will,  
Such love, and meekness so divine,  
I would transcribe and make them mine.

Cold mountains and the midnight air  
Witness'd the fervour of thy prayer ;  
The desert thy temptations knew,  
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

Be thou my pattern ; make me bear  
More of thy gracious image here :  
Then God, the judge, shall own my name,  
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

329

~~~~~

*Portugal.*

SO let our lips and lives express  
The holy gospel we profess :  
So let our works and virtues shine,  
To prove the doctrine all divine.

Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
The honours of our Saviour God,  
When the salvation reigns within,  
And grace subdues the power of sin.

*Our flesh and sense must be denied,  
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;*

## OF CHRISTIANS.

Whilst justice, temp'rance, truth, and love,  
Our inward piety approve.

Religion bears our spirits up,  
While we expect that blessed hope,  
The bright appearance of the Lord,  
And faith stands leaning on his word.

**330**

~~~~~

*Abingdon.*

ON thee, O God of purity,  
I wait for hallowing grace :  
None, without holiness shall see  
The glories of thy face.

Lead me in all thy righteous ways,  
Nor suffer me to slide ;  
Make plain thy path before my face,  
And be my constant guide.

Jesus, if thou withdraw thy hand,  
That moment sees me fall :  
O may I ne'er on self depend,  
But look to thee for all !

And even when I feel thy grace,  
And sin seems most subdued ;  
I'll wrap me in thy righteousness,  
And plead alone thy blood.

**331**

~~~~~

*Salem Chapel.*

AT anchor laid, remote from home,  
Toiling, I cry, Sweet Spirit come ;  
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,

*But swell my sails, and speed my way.*

## THE DESIRES AND PRAYERS

The rocks can rend, the earth can qu  
The seas can roar, the mountains shal  
All things of feeling shew some sign,  
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,  
What but an adamant would melt ?  
But I can read each moving line,  
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

Eternal Spirit, mighty God,  
Do thou apply the Saviour's blood ;  
'Tis his rich blood, and that alone,  
Can move and melt this heart of stone.

335

*~~~~~ Martin's Lane*

THOU whom my soul admires above  
All earthly joy, and earthly love,  
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,  
Where doth thy sweetest pasture grow ?

Where is the shadow of that rock,  
That from the sun defends thy flock !  
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,  
Among them rest, among them sleep.

Why should thy bride appear like one  
That turns aside to paths unknown ?  
My constant feet would never rove,  
Would never seek another love.

The footsteps of thy flock I see ;  
*Thy sweetest pastures, here they be ;*

## OF CHRISTIANS.

A wond'rous feast thy love prepares, [tears.  
Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and  
His dearest flesh he makes my food,  
And bids me drink his richest blood ;  
Here to these hills my soul shall come  
'Till my beloved leads me home.

**336**

\*\*\*\*\*

*Georgia.*

BLESSED are the sons of God,  
They are bought with Jesus' blood,  
They are ransom'd from the grave,  
Life eternal they shall have :  
With them number'd may we be,  
Here, and in eternity.

They were bless'd in God's dear Son,  
Long before the world begun ;  
They the seal of this receive,  
When on Jesus they believe.

They are justified by grace ;  
They enjoy a solid peace ;  
All their sins are wash'd away ;  
They shall stand in God's great day.

They produce the fruits of grace,  
In the works of righteousness ;  
Born of God they hate all sin,  
God's pure word remains within.

They have fellowship with God,  
Through the Mediator's blood



## THE DESIRES AND PRAYERS

One with God, with Jesus one,  
Glory is in them begun :

**337**

\*\*\*\*\*

*Maria*

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land ;  
I am weak, but thou art mighty,  
Hold me with thy powerful hand ;  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing streams do flow ;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,  
Lead me all my journey through ;  
Strong deliverer,  
Be thou still my strength and shield.  
When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside ;  
Bear me through the swelling current,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side ;  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to thee.

**338**

\*\*\*\*\*

*Mark's.*

BESET with snares on ev'ry hand,  
In life's uncertain path I stand ;  
Father divine, diffuse thy light,  
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.  
Engage this roving treach'rous heart,  
Choose and seek the better part ;

## OF CHRISTIANS.

To scorn the trifles of a day,  
For joys that never waste away.

Then should the wildest storms arise,  
Should tempests mingle earth and skies;  
No fatal shipwreck I should fear,  
But all my treasures with me bear.

If thou, my Jesus, still art nigh,  
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;  
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,  
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

**339**

~~~~~

*James's.*

O THAT the Lord would guide my ways,  
To keep his statutes still!

O that my God would grant me grace  
To know and do his will!

O send thy Spirit down to write  
Thy law upon my heart;  
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,  
Nor act the liar's part.

From vanity turn off mine eyes;  
Let no corrupt design,  
Nor covetous desires arise  
Within this soul of mine.

Order my footsteps in thy word,  
And make my soul sincere;  
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,  
But keep my conscience clear.

---

## THE DESIRES AND PRAYERS

My soul hath gone too far astray ;

My feet too often slip :

Yet since I've not forgot thy way

Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

Make me to walk in thy commands,

'Tis a delightful road :

Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,

Offend against my God.

**340**

*Portugal New.*

COMPASSIONATE Bridegroom, my Shepherd and Friend,

Thy child from the fury of satan defend ;

Thy presence continue, thy blessing convey,

And grant me a spirit to praise and to pray.

Prevent and assist me, and so shall I run ;

And further and finish the good work begun ;

And then though the world should reject and despise,

Thy grace for my wants, Lord, shall ever suffice.

Still go thou before me, O guide me aright ;

Thy love be my comfort, thy self my delight ;

Thy will be my pleasure, thy honour my aim,

And this be my glory, the blood of the Lamb.

Thy self be my portion, thy beauty my song,

Thy name and thy praises still dwell on my tongue ;

Direct by thy Spirit, my actions and ways,

*So shall I inherit thy blessing always.*

OF CHRISTIANS.

**341**



*Revival.*

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,  
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;  
Then, in place of desolation,  
Every plant shall thrive again:  
Lord, revive us,  
All our help must come from thee.

Surely once thy garden flourish'd,  
Every part look'd gay and green;  
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd;  
Happy seasons we have seen!  
Lord revive us, &c.

Let our mutual love be fervent;  
Make us prevalent in prayer;  
Let each one esteem'd thy servant,  
Shun the worlds bewitching snares:  
Lord revive us, &c.

Break the tempter's fatal power;  
Turn the stony heart to flesh,  
And begin, from this good hour,  
To revive thy work afresh:  
Lord revive us, &c.

**342**



*Hall's.*

GOD of my salvation, hear,  
And help me to believe;  
Simply do I now draw near  
Thy blessing to receive:

---

## THE DESIRES AND PRAYERS

Full of guilt alas ! I am,  
But to thy wounds for refuge flee :  
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
Thy blood was shed for me.

Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,  
Nor can thy grace procure ;  
Empty send me not away,  
For I, thou knowest, am poor ;  
Dust and ashes is my name,  
My all is sin and misery ;  
Friend of sinners, &c.

Without money, without price,  
I come to thee to buy ;  
From myself I turn my eyes,  
The chief of sinners I :  
Take, O take me as I am,  
And let me lose myself in thee ;  
Friend of sinners, &c.

**343**

~~~~~

*Harts.*

SON of God, thy blessing grant,  
Still supply our every want:  
Tree of life thine influence shed,  
With thy sap my spirit feed.

Tenderest branch, alas ! am I,  
Wither without thee and die :  
Weak as helpless infancy,  
O confirm my soul in thee.

---

## OF CHRISTIANS.

Unsustain'd by thee, I fall :  
Send the strength for which I call :  
Weaker than a bruised reed,  
Help I every moment need.  
All my hopes on thee depend :  
Love me, save me to the end :  
Give me persevering grace ;  
Take the everlasting praise.

### **344**      *Mount Calvary.*

O THOU ! from whom all goodness flows,  
I lift my heart to thee,  
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,  
Dear Lord, remember me.

Whene'er upon my burden'd heart,  
My sins lie heavily ;  
My pardon speak, new peace impart,  
In love remember me.

Temptations sore obstruct my way,  
And ills I cannot flee ;  
O give me strength, Lord, as my day,  
For good remember me.

When worn with pain, disease, and grief  
This feeble body see ;  
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief,  
Hear and remember me.

If on my face, for thy dear name,  
Shame and reproaches be ;

EXPERIENCE AND FAITH

And to the end shall endure,  
As sure as the earnest is giv'n;  
We are happy, but not more secure,  
The glorified spirits in heav'n.

Ulsterston.

6

AND, I am thine; but thou wilt prove  
Faith, my patience, and my love:

Men of spirit, against me join,  
The Lord's hand is thine.

He lies below;  
They know;  
They take their share  
In his

---

## CHRISTIAN GRACES,

All hail reproach, and welcome shame;  
If thou remember me.

The hour is near, consign'd to death,  
I own the just decree ;  
Saviour, with my last parting breath,  
I'll cry, Remember me.

**345**

*~~~~~ New Jerusalem.*

A DEBTOR to mercy alone,  
Of covenant mercy I sing ;  
Nor fear with thy righteousness on,  
My person and off'ring to bring :  
The terrors of law and of God,  
With me can have nothing to do ;  
My Saviour's obedience and blood  
Hide all my transgressions from view.

The work which his goodness began,  
The arm of his strength shall complete ;  
His promise is *yea* and *amen*,

And never was forfeited yet :  
Things future, nor things that are now ;  
Not all things below nor above,  
Can make him his promise forego,  
Or sever my soul from his love.

My name from the palms of his hands,  
Eternity will not erase ;  
*Impress'd* on his heart it remains  
*In marks* of indelible grace :



## EXPERIENCE AND PRIVILEGES

Yes, I to the end shall endure,  
As sure as the earnest is giv'n ;  
More happy, but not more secure,  
The glorified spirits in heav'n.

346

~~~~~

*Ulverston.*

LORD, I am thine; but thou wilt prove  
My faith, my patience, and my love :  
When men of spite against me join,  
They are the sword, the hand is thine.  
Their hope, their portion lies below ;  
'Tis all the happiness they know ;  
'Tis all they seek ; they take their shares,  
And leave the rest among their heirs.

What sinners value, I resign ;  
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine :  
I shall behold thy blissful face,  
And stand complete in righteousness.

This life's a dream, an empty show ;  
But the bright world to which I go,  
Hath joys substantial and sincere ;  
When shall I wake and find me there ?

O glorious hour ! O bless'd abode !  
I shall be near, and like my God !  
And flesh and sin no more control  
The sacred pleasures of my soul.

My flesh shall slumber in the ground ;  
'Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;

---

CHRISTIAN GRACES,

Then burst the chains, with sweet surprise,  
And in my Saviour's image rise.

**347**

~~~~~

*Antigua.*

JESUS, thy blood and righteousness,  
My beauty are my glorious dress ;  
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,  
With joy may I lift up my head.

When from the dust of death I rise,  
To claim my mansion in the skies ;  
E'en then shall this be all my plea,  
Jesus hath liv'd and died for me.

Bold may I stand in that great day,  
For who-aught to my charge shall lay ?  
If found in thee absolv'd I am  
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

This spotless robe the same appears  
When ruin'd nature sinks in years ;  
No age can change its glorious hue ;  
The robe of Christ is ever new.

O let the dead now hear thy voice,  
Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice ;  
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,  
Jesus the Lord, our righteousness.

**348**

~~~~~

*Newington.*

I'M not asham'd to own my Lord,  
Or to defend his cause,  
Maintain the honour of his word,  
The glory of his cross :

---

## EXPERIENCE AND PRIVILEGES.

Jesus, my God ! I know his name,  
His name is all my trust ;  
Nor will he put my soul to shame,  
Nor let my hope be lost.

Firm as his throne his promise stands,  
And he can well secure  
What I've committed to his hands,  
'Till the decisive hour :

Then will he own my worthless name  
Before his Father's face,  
And in the new Jerusalem  
Appoint my soul a place.

**349**

~~~~~

THE Lord my pastures shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care :  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye ;  
My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
And all my mid-night hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
To fertile vales and dewy meads,  
My weary wand'ring steps he leads ;  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Tho' in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,

My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;  
 Thy mighty hand shall give me aid,  
 And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.

**350**

~~~~~

*Bangor.*

MY God, my everlasting hope,  
 I live upon thy truth ;  
 Thine hands have held my childhood up,  
 And strengthen'd all my youth.

My flesh was fashion'd by thy power,  
 With all these limbs of mine ;  
 And from my mother's painful hour,  
 I've been entirely thine.

Still has my life new wonders seen  
 Repeated every year ;  
 Behold, my days that yet remain,  
 I trust them to thy care.

Cast me not off when strength declines ;  
 When hoary hairs arise ;  
 And round me let thy glory shine,  
 Whene'er thy servant dies.

Then in the history of my age,  
 When men review my days,  
 They'll read thy love in every page,  
 In every line thy praise.

**351**

~~~~~

*Arling*

MY Shepherd will supply my need,  
*Jehovah is his name ;*

## EXPERIENCE AND PRIVILEGES.

In pastures fresh he makes me feed  
Beside the living stream.

He brings my wand'ring spirit back,  
When I forsake his ways ;  
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,  
In paths of truth and grace.

When I walk thro' the shades of death,  
Thy presence is my stay ;  
A word of thy supporting breath  
Drives all my fears away.

Thy hand, in spite of all my foes,  
Doth still my table spread ;  
My cup with blessings overflows,  
Thine oil anoints my head.

The sure provisions of my God  
Attend me all my days ;  
O may thy house be mine abode,  
And all my work be praise !

There would I find a settled rest,  
(While others go and come)  
No more a stranger or a guest,  
But like a child at home.

**352**      *Mount Pleasant.*

FOR mercies, countless as the sands,  
Which daily I receive  
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,  
My soul, what canst thou give?

## CHRISTIAN GRACES.

Alas ! from such a heart as mine  
What can I bring him forth ?

My best is mix'd and stain'd with sin,  
My all is nothing worth.

Yet this acknowledgment I'll make  
For all he has bestow'd,

Salvation's sacred cup I'll take  
And call upon my God.

The best returns for one like me,  
So wretched and so poor,

Is from his gifts to draw a plea,  
And ask him still for more.

I cannot serve him as I ought,  
No works have I to boast ;

Yet would I glory in the thought  
That I shall owe him most.

353

~~~~~

*Jewin Street.*

COME, thou fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;

Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise :

Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by happy tongues above ;

Praise the mount,—O fix me on it,  
Mount of God's unchanging love.

I ere I raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither, by thy help, I'm come :

## EXPERIENCE AND PRIVILEGES.

And I trust, by thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home :

Jesus sought me when a stranger;  
Wand'ring from the fold of God ;  
He, to save my soul from danger,  
Interpos'd his precious blood.

O to grace how great a debtor,  
Daily I'm constrained to be !  
Let that grace now, like a fetter,  
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee :  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
Prone to leave the God I love ;  
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,—  
Seal it from thy courts above.

354

~~~~~

*Truro.*

SHALL Jesus leave the realms of day,  
And clothe himself in humble clay ?  
Shall he become despis'd and poor,  
To make me rich for evermore ?

And shall I wrongfully withhold,  
To give my silver or my gold,  
To aid a cause my soul approves,  
And save the sinners Jesus loves ?

Expand my heart, incline me, Lord,  
To give the whole I can afford ;  
That what thy bounty render'd mine,  
I may with cheerful hands resign.

CHRISTIAN GRACES,  
A rough and thorny path we tread  
In hopes to see his face.

The flesh dislikes the way,  
But faith approves it well;  
This, only, leads to endless day,  
All others lead to hell.

The promis'd land of peace  
Faith keeps in constant view;  
How different to the wilderness  
We now are passing through!

Here, often from our eyes  
Clouds hide the light divine;  
There we shall have unclouded skies,  
Our sun will always shine.

Here griefs and cares, and pains,  
And fears distress us sore;  
But there eternal pleasure reigns,  
And we shall weep no more.

Lord, pardon our complaints;  
We follow at thy call;  
The joy prepared for suffering saints,  
Shall make amends for all.

364

~~~~~ Shore Cottage.

'TIS a point I long to know,  
Oft it causes anxious thought,  
Do I love the Lord or no?  
Am I his, or am I not?



When I turn my eyes within,  
 All is dark, and vain, and wild ;  
 Fill'd with unbelief and sin,  
 Can I deem myself a child ?

Yet I mourn my stubborn will,  
 Find my sin a grief and thrall ;  
 Should I grieve for what I feel,  
 If I did not love at all ?

Could I joy his saints to meet,  
 Choose the ways I once abhorr'd,  
 Find, at times, the promise sweet,  
 If I did not love the Lord ?

Lord, decide the doubtful case,  
 Thou who art thy people's sun,  
 Shine upon thy work of grace,  
 If it be indeed begun.

Let me love thee more and more,  
 If I love at all I pray ;  
 If I never lov'd before,  
 Help me to begin to day.

365

~~~~~

*Newington.*

WHAT different powers of grace and sin  
 Attend our mortal state !

I hate the thoughts that work within,  
 And do the works I hate.

Now I complain, and groan and die,  
 While sin and satan reign :

Prove his wounds each day more h  
And himself more deeply know.

**368**

*~~~~~ Surrey*

WHEN on Sinai's top I see  
God descend in majesty ;  
To proclaim his holy law,  
All my Spirit sinks with awe.

When in ecstasy sublime,  
Tabor's glorious height I climb,  
In the too transporting light,  
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

When on Calvary I rest,  
God in flesh made manifest,  
Shines in my Redeemer's face  
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.  
Here I would for ever stay,  
Wish and gaze my soul away ;  
Thou art heaven on earth to me,  
Lovely, mournful, Calvary :

**369**

*~~~~~*

*N*

HAPPY the heart where graces reign  
Where love inspires the breast ;  
Love is the brightest of the train,  
And strengthens all the rest.

Knowledge alas ! 'tis all in vain,  
And all in vain our fear ;  
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign  
If love be absent there.

## EXPERIENCE AND PRIVILEGES.

'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet  
In swift obedience move,  
The devils know and tremble too,  
But satan cannot love.

This is the grace that lives and sings  
When faith and hope shall cease,  
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings  
In the sweet realms of bliss.

Before we quite forsake our clay,  
Or leave this dark abode,  
The wings of love bear us away  
To see our smiling God.

370

~~~~~

*Duke Street.*

OHAPPY day that fix'd my choice  
On thee my Saviour and my God,  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.

'Tis done, the great transaction's done,  
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;  
He drew me, and I follow'd on,  
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

Now rest, my long divided heart,  
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;  
Nor hesitate with husks to part,  
When call'd on angel's bread to feast.  
My God, who heard the solemn vow,  
That vow renew'd shall daily hear;

## THE PENITENT.

And while I hear thy thunders,  
I own thy justice and adore.  
But there's a throne of grace above,  
Where Jesus sits and rules by love;  
He'll send his grace and mercy down,  
And all his grace with glory crown  
Jesus, to thee, alone, I fly;  
And wilt thou let a sinner die,  
Whilst trusting in thy sacred blood  
He seeks no other way to God?  
Thy tender heart will sure forgive,  
And bid a guilty sinner live;  
For all who come thy grace is free,  
For Saul, and Magdalen, and me.

382

~~~~~

*Ulverston*

LORD, I am vile, conceived in sin;  
And born unholy and unclean;  
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall  
Corrupts the race and taints us all.  
Soon as we draw our infant breath,  
The seeds of sin grow up for death;  
Thy law demands a perfect heart,  
But we're defil'd in every part.  
Behold we fall before thy face;  
Our only refuge is thy grace:  
No outward forms can make us clean,  
The leprosy lies deep within.

## THE PENITENT.

No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,  
Nor hyssop-branch, nor sprinkling priest,  
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,  
Can wash the dismal stain away.

Jesus, our God, thy blood alone  
Hath power sufficient to atone ;  
Thy blood can make us white as snow ;  
No Jewish types could cleanse us so.

While guilt disturbs and breaks our peace  
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease ;  
Lord, let us hear thy pard'ning voice,  
And make our broken bones rejoice.

383

~~~~~

*Paul's.*

O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,  
'Tho' all my crimes before thee lie,  
Behold them not with angry look ;  
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

'Tho' I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,  
His help and comfort still afford :  
And let a wretch come near thy throne,  
To plead the merits of thy Son.

A broken heart, my God, my King,  
Is all the sacrifice I bring ;  
The God of grace will ne'er despise  
A broken heart for sacrifice.

My soul lies humbled in the dust,  
And owns thy dreadful sentence just ;

## TIMES AND SEASONS,

As the light'ning from the skies  
Darts and leaves no trace behind ;  
Swiftly thus our fleeting days

Bear us down life's rapid stream ;  
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise,  
All below is but a dream.

If from guilt and sin set free,  
By the knowledge of thy grace,  
Welcome, then the call will be,

To depart and see thy face :  
To thy saints, while here below,  
With new years, new mercies come ;

But the happiest year they know  
Is their last, which leads them home.

Thanks for mercies past receive,  
Pardon of our sins renew :

Teach us henceforth how to live  
With eternity in view.

Bless thy word to young and old,

Fill us with a Saviour's love ;  
And when life's short tale is told,  
May we dwell with thee above.

**392**

~~~~~

*Oswestry.*

MY helper God ! I bless his name :  
The same his power, his grace the same ;  
The tokens of his friendly care,  
Thy benediction, and crown, and close the year.

## CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

I, 'midst ten thousand dangers stand,  
Supported by his guardian hand ;  
And see, when I survey my ways,  
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

Thus far his arm hath led me on ;  
Thus far I make his mercy known ;  
And while I tread this desert land,  
New mercies shall new songs demand.

My grateful soul, on Jordan's shore,  
Shall raise one sacred pillar more :  
Then bear, in his bright courts above,  
Inscriptions of immortal love.

393

~~~~~

*Peters.*

GOD of the morning, at whose voice  
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,  
And like a giant doth rejoice  
To run his journey through the skies.  
From the fair chambers of the east,  
The circuit of his race begins,  
And, without weariness or rest,  
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

O like the sun may I fulfil  
Th' appointed duties of the day,  
With ready mind and active will,  
March on, and keep my heavenly way.

Give me thy counsels for my guide,  
And then receive me to thy bliss ;

**TIMES AND SEASONS,**

All my desires and hopes beside  
Are faint and cold compar'd with this.

**394**

~~~~~

*Charity.*

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun,  
Thy daily stage of duty run ;  
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Glory to thee, who safe hast kept  
And hast refresh'd me while I slept ;  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,  
I may of endless life partake.

Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;  
Scatter my sins as morning dew :  
Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day,  
All I design, or do, or say :  
That all my powers with all their might,  
In thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom, &c.

**395**

~~~~~

*Willshire.*

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day  
Salutes thy waking eyes ;  
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay  
To him that rules the skies.

Night unto night his name repeats,  
The day renews the sound,



Wide as the heaven on which he sits  
To turn the season's round.

'Tis he supports my mortal frame,  
My tongue shall speak his praise ;  
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,  
And yet his wrath delays.

On a poor worm thy power might tread,  
And I could ne'er withstand ;  
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,  
But mercy held thine hand.

A thousand wretched souls are fled  
Since the last setting sun,  
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,  
And yet my moments run.

Dear Lord, let all my hours be thine  
Whilst I enjoy the light,  
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,  
And bring a pleasant night.

**396**

~~~~~

*Magdalen.*

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light ;  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Under thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son  
The ills that I this day have done ;

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## TIMES, AND SEASONS.

That with the world, myself and thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed ;  
Teach me to die that so I may  
With joy behold the Judgment day.

And let my soul for ever share  
The bliss of thy paternal care ;  
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,  
To see thy face, and sing thy love.

For death is life, and labour rest,  
If with thy gracious presence blest :  
Then welcome sleep, or death to me,  
I'm still secure, for still with thee.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise him all creatures here below ;  
Praise him above ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy-Ghost.

**397**



*New Sabbath*

FOR all the blessings of this day,  
Humble thanksgiving let us pay ;  
And when to endless day we soar,  
Our souls shall praise for evermore.

Hail, dear Redeemer, live and reign !  
Hail, holy Lamb, for sinners slain !

## EVENING.

■ Preserver of the ransom'd race,  
Exalted high in truth and grace.  
Our Guide thou all this day hast been ;  
O guard us from each nightly sin ;  
Remain our Saviour still, and be  
Our guard and friend eternally.

398

~~~~~

*Providence.*

DREAD Sov'reign, let my evening song,  
Like holy incense rise :  
Assist the offerings of my tongue  
To reach the lofty skies.

Through all the dangers of the day,  
Thy hand has been my guard ;  
And still to drive my wants away  
Thy mercy stood prepared.

Perpetual blessings from above  
Encompass me around ;  
But, oh, how few returns of love  
Hath my Creator found !

What have I done for him that died  
To save my wretched soul ?  
How are my follies multiplied,  
Fast as my moments roll !

Lord, with this guilty heart of mine  
To thy dear cross I flee,  
And to thy grace my soul resign  
To be renew'd by thee.

: TIMES AND

Nor scorching sun, nor  
Shall have his leave  
He shields thy head from  
From blasting damps  
He guards thy soul, he keeps  
Where thickest dangers  
Go, and return, secure from  
'Till God command thee

## 402

~~~~~  
WE'LL proclaim the wond'rous  
Of the mercies we receive,  
From the day-spring's dawning  
'Till the fading hour of eve.  
All the blessings heaven is lending  
We'll extol in grateful lays;  
To his radiant throne ascending,  
Wafted on the wings of praise.  
In exalted rapture joining,  
We'll employ our happy days;  
All our grateful hearts combining,  
To declare his endless praise.

## 403

~~~~~  
UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,  
Th' eternal hills above the skies;  
Thence all her help my soul derives;  
There my almighty refuge lives.

Ma

---

## MORNING OR EVENING.

He lives, the everlasting God,  
That built the world, that spread the flood ;  
The heavens with all their hosts he made,  
And the dark regions of the dead.

He guides our feet, he guards our way ;  
His morning-smiles bless all the day ;  
He spreads the evening-veil, and keeps  
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

Israel, a name divinely blest,  
May rise secure, securely rest ;  
Thy holy guardian's wakeful eyes  
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

Should earth and hell with malice burn,  
Still thou shalt go, and still return  
Safe in the Lord ; his heavenly care  
Defends thy life from every snare.

On thee foul spirits have no power ;  
And in thy last departing hour  
Angels, that trace the airy road,  
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

404



*Harlow.*

MY God, how endless is thy love !

Thy gifts are every evening new ;  
And morning mercies, from above,  
Gently distil, like early dew.

Thou spreadst the curtains of the night,  
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours ;

## PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

For souls that must for ever live  
In raptures or in woe.

All to the great tribunal haste,  
Th' account to render there ;  
And should'st thou strictly mark our fault  
Lord how should we appear ?

May they that Jesus whom they preach,  
Their own Redeemer see ;  
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,  
That they may watch for thee.

### 419 *Opening a Place of Worship.*

AND will the great eternal God, [*Antigua*.  
On earth establish his abode ?  
And will he, from his heavenly throne,  
Avow our temples for his own ?

These walls we to thine honour raise,  
Long may they echo to thy praise ;  
And thou descending, fill the place  
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

Here let the great Redeemer reign,  
With all the graces of his train ;  
While power divine his word attends  
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

And in the great decisive day,  
When God the nations shall survey ;  
May it before the world appear  
*That crowds were born to glory here.*

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

**420** *Departure of a Minister. Job.*

WITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend  
Him whom we now to thee commend ;  
Thy faithful messenger secure,  
And make him to the end endure.

Gird him with all sufficient grace,  
Direct his feet in paths of peace ;  
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,  
And bend him to obey thy will.

Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart,  
In him thy mighty pow'r exert ;  
That thousands yet unborn may praise  
The wonders of redeeming grace.

**421** *National Humiliation. Tuckers.*

SEE, gracious God, before thy throne  
Thy mourning people bend ;  
'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone  
Our humble hopes depend.

Tremendous judgments from thy hand  
Thy dreadful power display ;  
Yet mercy spares this guilty land  
And still we live to pray.

Great God ! and why is Britain spar'd,  
Ungrateful as we are ?

Q make thine awful warnings heard,  
While mercy cries, " Forbear."

## PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

What num'rous crimes increasing rise,  
Through this most sinful isle !

What land so blest beneath the skies,  
And yet what land so vile !

O turn thou us, almighty Lord,  
By thy resistless grace ;  
Then shall our hearts receive thy word,  
And humbly seek thy face.

**422** *~~~~~* *Abridge.*

THE gath'ring clouds, with aspect dark,  
A rising storm presage :  
Oh, to be hid within the ark,  
And shelter'd from its rage !

See the commission'd angel frown ;  
That vial in his hand,  
Fill'd with fierce wrath, is pouring down  
Upon our guilty land !

May we, at least, with one consent,  
Fall low before the throne !  
With tears the nation's sins lament,  
The church's and our own.

The humble souls who mourn and pray,  
The Lord approves and knows ;  
This mark secures them in the day,  
When vengeance strikes his foes.

**423** *~~~~~* *Oxford.*

LET others boast how strong they be,  
Nor death nor danger fear ;



## HUMAN LIFE.

But we'll confess, O Lord to thee,  
What feeble things we are.

Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,  
And flourish bright and gay ;  
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,  
And fades the grass away.

Our life contains unnumber'd springs  
And dies if one be gone ;  
Strange, that a harp of thousand strings  
Should keep in tune so long.

But 'tis our God supports our frame,  
The God that built us first ;  
Salvation to th'almighty name,  
That rear'd us from the dust

424

~~~~~

*Salem.*

HOW vain are all things here below !  
How false and yet how fair !  
Each pleasure has its poison too,  
And every sweet a snare.

The brightest things below the sky  
Give but a flattering light ;  
We should expect some danger nigh  
When we possess delight.

Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,  
The partners of our blood,  
How they divide our wav'ring minds,  
And leave but half for God !

## HUMAN LIFE.

The fondness of a creature's love,  
How strong it strikes the sense !  
Thither our warm affections move,  
Nor can we call them thence.

Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be  
My soul's eternal food ;  
And grace command my heart away  
From all created good.

**425**

~~~~~

*Shepherd's.*

NOT from the dust affliction grows,  
Nor troubles rise by chance ;  
Yet we are born to care and woes.  
A sad inheritance.

As sparks break out from burning coals.  
And still are upwards borne,  
So grief is rooted in our souls,  
And men grow up to mourn.

Yet with my God I leave my cause,  
And trust his promis'd grace ;  
He rules me by his well known laws  
Of love and righteousness.

Not all the pains that e'er I bore  
Shall spoil my future peace,  
For death and hell can do no more  
Than what my Father please.

**426**

~~~~~

*Stephen's.*

**TEACH** me the measure of my days,  
Thou Maker of my frame ;

## HUMAN LIFE.

I would survey life's narrow space,  
And learn how frail I am.

A span is all that we can boast,  
An inch or two of time ;  
Man is but vanity and dust  
In all his flower and prime.

What should I wish or wait for then,  
From creatures, earth and dust ?  
They make our expectations vain,  
And disappoint our trust.

Now I forbid my carnal hope,  
My fond desires recall ;  
I give my mortal interest up,  
And make my God my all.

427

~~~~~

*Abridge.*

THEE we adore, eternal name,  
And humbly own to thee,  
How feeble is our mortal frame !  
What dying worms are we !

Our wasting lives grow shorter still  
As months and days increase ;  
And every beating pulse we tell  
Leaves but the number less.

The year rolls round and steals away  
The breath that first it gave ;  
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,  
We're travelling to the grave.

## HUMAN LIFE.

Dangers stand thick through all the ground  
To push us to the tomb ;  
And fierce diseases wait around,  
To hurry mortals home.

Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,  
To walk this dangerous road ;  
And if our souls be hurried hence,  
May they be found with God.

**428** *Old hundredth.*

REMEMBER, Lord, our mortal state,  
How frail our life, how short the date !  
Where is the man that draws his breath  
Safe from disease, secure from death ?  
And, while we see whole nations die,  
Our flesh and sense repine and cry,  
“ Must death for ever rage and reign ?  
“ Or hast thou made mankind in vain ?  
“ Where is thy promise to the just ?  
“ Are not thy servants turn’d to dust ?  
But faith forbids these mournful sighs,  
And sees the sleeping soul arise.

That glorious hour, that dreadful day  
Wipes the reproach of saints away,  
And clears the honour of thy word ;  
Awake our souls, and bless the Lord.

**429** *Bedford.*

OUR God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,

## HUMAN LIFE.

Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home.

Under the shadow of thy throne,  
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;  
Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

Thy word commands our flesh to dust,  
“ Return, ye sons of men : ”

All nations rose from earth at first,  
And turn to earth again.

A thousand ages in thy sight  
Are like an evening gone ;  
Short as the watch that ends the night,  
Before the rising sun.

Our God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home.

**430**

~~~~~

*Grange road.*

AH ! I shall soon be dying,  
Time swiftly glides away ;  
But on my Lord relying,  
I hail the happy day.

## HUMAN LIFE.

The day when I must enter  
Upon a world unknown ;  
My helpless soul I venture  
On Jesus Christ alone.

He once, a spotless victim,  
Upon Mount Calvary bled !  
Jehovah did afflict him,  
And bruise him in my stead.

Hence all my hope arises,  
Unworthy as I am :  
My soul most highly prizes  
The sin atoning Lamb.

To him by grace united,  
I joy in him alone ;  
And now by faith, delighted,  
Behold him on his throne.

There he is interceding  
For all who on him rest ;  
The grace from him proceeding  
Shall waft me to his breast.

**431**

~~~~~

*Ulverston.*

LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,  
The time to insure the great reward,  
And while the lamp holds out to burn,  
The vilest sinner may return.

*Life is the hour that God has given  
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heaven ;*

## HUMAN LIFE.

The day of grace and mortals may  
Secure the blessings of the day.

The living know that they must die,  
But all the dead forgotten lie;  
Their memory and their sense is gone,  
Alike unknowing and unknown.

Then what my thoughts design to do  
My hands, with all your might pursue,  
Since no device, nor work is found,  
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

There are no acts of pardon pass'd  
In the cold grave to which we haste;  
But darkness, death, and long despair  
Reign in eternal silence there.

**432**      *~~~~~ Westbury Leigh.*

LO! on a narrow neck of land,  
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,  
Yet how insensible!

A point of time, a moment's space,  
Conveys me down to hell's dark place,  
Or blest in heaven I dwell.

Great God, my inmost soul convert,  
And deeply on my thoughtful heart

Eternal things impress;

Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
And save me e'er it be too late,

By free and sov'reign grace.

---

## DEATH.

Be this my one great business here,  
With humble joy and holy fear,  
To make my calling sure !  
Assist, O Lord, a feeble worm,  
Then shall I thy blest will perform,  
And to the end endure.

Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,  
Transported from this vale, to live  
And reign with thee above ;  
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,  
And hope in full supreme delight,  
And everlasting love.

**433**

*~~~~~ Wooburn Abbey.*

O FOR an overcoming faith  
To cheer my dying hours,  
To triumph o'er the monster death,  
And all his frightful powers !  
Joyful with all the strength I have,  
My quivering lips should sing,  
Where is thy boasted vict'ry, grave ?  
And where the monster's sting ?  
If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure,  
Death hath no sting beside :  
The law gives sin its damning power ;  
But Christ my ransom died.  
Now to the God of victory  
Immortal thanks be paid,



DEATH.

Who makes us conquerors while we die  
Through Christ our living head.

434

~~~~~

*Tuckers.*

THERE is a house not made with hands,  
Eternal, and on high :  
And here my spirit waiting stands  
Till God shall bid it fly.

Shortly this prison of my clay  
Must be dissolv'd and fall,  
'Then, O my soul, with joy obey  
Thy heavenly Father's call.

'Tis he, by his almighty grace,  
That forms thee fit for heaven ;  
And as an earnest of the place,  
Has his own Spirit given,

We walk by faith of joys to come,  
Faith lives upon his word :  
But while the body is our home,  
We're absent from the Lord.

'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace  
But we had rather see ;  
We would be absent from the flesh,  
And present, Lord, with thee.

435

~~~~~

*Prospect.*

THERE is a land of pure delight  
Where saints immortal reign ;

## DEATH.

Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers:  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dress'd in living green :  
So, to the Jews, old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan roll'd between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea,  
And linger, shivering on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.

O could we make our doubts remove  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With unclouded eyes !

Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er  
Not Jordan's stream, nor deaths cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

436

~~~~~

*Bedford.*

HEAR what the voice from heav'n proclaims  
Of all the pions dead ;  
*Sweet is the savour of their names,  
And soft their sleeping bed.*

## DEATH.

They die in Jesus and are bless'd ;  
How kind their slumbers are !  
From sufferings and from sins releas'd,  
And freed from every snare.  
Far from this world of toil and strife,  
They're present with the Lord ;  
The labours of their mortal life  
End in a large reward.

437

~~~~~

*Pope's Ode.*

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,  
Quit, O quit this mortal frame ;  
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,  
O the pain, the bliss of dying.  
Cease, fond native, cease thy strife,  
And let me languish into life.

Hark ! they whisper, angels say,  
" Sister spirit come away."  
What is this absorbs me quite,  
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?  
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

The world recedes, it disappears ;  
Heaven opens to my eyes, my ears  
With sounds seraphic ring ;  
Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly ;  
O grave, where is thy victory ?  
O death, where is thy sting ?

PAST is the dire decree ! to die  
Appointed, man thou art ;  
And after death for judgment nigh  
Sinner, prepare thy heart.

Conscious of evils many, great,  
My spirit faints with fear,  
Before thine awful judgment seat,  
Lord, how shall I appear ?

" Look to my cross," the Saviour said,  
" I died that thou should'st live,  
Thy sins were on my body laid,  
I peace and pardon give.

Friend of my heart, believe, adore,  
Enter thy promis'd rest,  
And let dark guilt and fears no more  
Disturb thy throbbing breast."

On my bright throne I soon shall come,  
Complete salvation bring,  
And take my ransom'd people home ;  
Prepare to meet your King."

Come quickly, Lord, all praise to thee,  
I've nought to apprehend,  
*Since in the Judge himself I see*  
*My Saviour and my Friend.*

## DEATH.

439

~~~~~

*Prospect.*

DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,  
If God be with us there ;  
Though we walk through the darkest shade  
We will not yield to fear.

I could renounce my all below  
If my Creator bid,  
And run, if I were call'd to go,  
And die as Moses did.

Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,  
And view the promised land,  
My flesh itself should learn to drop,  
And pray for the command.

Clasp'd in my heavenly Father's arms,  
I would forget my breath,  
And lose my life among the charms,  
Of so divine a death.

440

~~~~~

*Overton.*

SWEET to rejoice in lively hope  
That when my change shall come,  
Angels shall hover round my bed,  
And waft my spirit home.

Then shall my disimprison'd soul  
Behold him and adore ;  
Be with his likeness satisfied,  
And grieve and sin no more.

## DEATH.

Soon, too, my slumbering dust shall hear  
The trumpet's quick'ning sound,  
And, by my Saviour's power rebuilt,  
At his right hand be found.

These eyes shall see him in that day,  
The Lamb that died for me ;  
And all my rising bones shall say,  
Lord, who is like to thee ?

If such the views which grace unfolds,  
Weak as it is below,  
What rapture must the church above,  
In Jesus presence know.

O may the unction of these truths  
For ever with me stay ;  
'Till from her sinful cage dismiss'd,  
My spirit flies away.

441

~~~~~

*Irish.*

GREAT God I own thy sentence just,  
And nature must decay ;  
I yield my body to the dust,  
To dwell with fellow clay.

Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,  
And trample on the tombs :  
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,  
My God, my Saviour comes .

*The mighty Conqu'ror shall appear  
High on a royal seat,*

## DEATH.

And death the last of all his foes,  
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

Though greedy worms devour my skin,  
And gnaw my wasting flesh,  
When God shall build my bones again,  
He'll clothe them all afresh.

Then shall I see thy lovely face  
With strong immortal eyes,  
And feast upon thine unknown grace  
With pleasure and surprise.

442

~~~~~

*Tucker's.*

WHEN blooming youth is snatched away,  
By death's resistless hand ;  
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,  
Which pity must demand.

While pity prompts the rising sigh,  
O may this truth impress'd,  
With awful power,—I too must die !  
Sink deep in every breast.

Let this vain world delude no more,  
Behold the gaping tomb !  
It bids us seize the present hour,  
To-morrow death may come.

The voice of this affecting scene,  
May every heart obey ;

## DEATH.

Nor be the heavenly warning vain,  
Which calls to watch and pray.

O let us fly—to Jesus fly,  
Whose powerful arm can save ;  
Then shall our hopes ascend on high  
And triumph o'er the grave.

Great God ! thy sovereign grace impart  
With cleansing, healing power ;  
This only can prepare the heart  
For death's surprising hour.

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*Warwick.*

NOW let our mourning hearts revive,  
And all our tears be dry ;  
Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief,  
Which view a Saviour nigh ?

What tho' the arm of conquering death,  
Does God's own house invade !  
What though the prophet and the priest  
Be numbered with the dead !

Th'eternal Shepherd still survives,  
New comforts to impart ;  
His eye still guides us, and his voice  
Still animates our heart.

Through every scene of life and death,  
The Lord shall be our trust ;  
*And he shall be our children's song,  
When we are cold in dust.*



JUDGMENT.

444

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*Calvary.*

DAY of judgment ! day of wonders !

Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,

Louder than a thousand thunders,

Shakes the vast creation round !

How the summons

Will the sinner's heart confound !

See the Judge our nature wearing,

Cloth'd in majesty divine !

You who long for his appearing,

Then shall say, " This God is mine !

Gracious Saviour,

Own me in that day for thine !

At his call the dead awaken,

Rise to life from earth and sea ;

All the powers of nature shaken,

By his looks prepare to flee :

Careless sinner,

What will then become of thee ?

But to those who have confessed

Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,

He will say, " Come near, ye blessed,

See the kingdom I bestow !

You, for ever,

Shall my love and glory know."

Under sorrows and reproaches,

May this thought our courage raise !

## JUDGMENT.

Swiftly God's great day approaches,  
Sighs shall then be chang'd for praise ;  
We shall triumph,  
When the world is in a blaze !

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*Abingdon.*

THE Lord, the Judge, before his throne  
Bids the whole earth draw nigh,  
The nations near the rising sun,  
And near the western sky.

No more shall bold blasphemers say,  
Judgment will ne'er begin ;  
No more abuse his long delay,  
To impudence and sin.

Thron'd in a cloud our God shall come,  
Bright flames prepare the way,  
Thunder and darkness, fire, and storm,  
Lead on the dreadful day.

Heaven from above his call shall hear  
Attending angels come,  
And earth and hell shall know and fear  
His justice and their doom.

" But gather all my saints," he cries  
" That made their peace with God,  
By the Redeemer's sacrifice.  
And seal'd it with his blood.

Their faith and works brought forth to light  
*Shall make the world confess*

## JUDGMENT.

My sentence of reward is right,  
And heaven adore my grace.

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*Burnham.*

YE virgin souls, arise !  
With all the dead, awake,  
Unto salvation wise,  
Oil in your vessels take ;  
Upstarting, at the midnight cry,  
Behold your heavenly Bridegroom nigh.  
He comes, he comes to call  
The nations to his bar,  
And take to glory all  
Who meet for glory are ;  
Make ready for your free reward,  
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

Ye that have here receiv'd  
The unction from above,  
And in his Spirit liv'd,  
And thirsted for his love ;  
Jesus shall claim you for his bride,  
Rejoice with all the sanctified.

Then let us wait to hear  
The trumpet's welcome sound ;  
To see our Lord appear,  
Watching may we be found,  
Enrob'd in righteousness divine.  
*In which the bride shall ever shine.*

## JUDGMENT.

447

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*Westbury Leigh.*

WHEN thou, my righteous Judge shall come  
To fetch thy ransom'd people home,

Shall I among them stand?

Shall such a worthless worm as I,

Who sometimes am afraid to die,

Be found at thy right hand?

I love to meet among them now,

Before thy gracious feet to bow,

Though vilest of them all:

But can I bear the piercing thought,

What if my name should be left out

When thou for them shalt call?

Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;

Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,

In this th' accepted day;

Thy pard'ning voice, O let me hear,

To still my unbelieving fear,

Nor let me fall away.

Let me among thy saints be found

Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound

To see thy smiling face.

Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,

While heaven's resounding mansions ring

With shouts of sovereign grace.

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*Trumpet.*

*HE comes! he comes! the Judge severe;  
The seventh trumpet speaks him near!*

## JUDGMENT.

His light'nings flash, his thunders roll,  
He's welcome to the faithful soul,

From heaven angelic voices sound,  
See! the almighty Jesus crown'd!  
Girt with omnipotence and grace,  
While glory decks the Saviour's face.

Descending on his azure throne,  
He claims the kingdoms for his own:  
The kingdoms all obey his word,  
And hail him their triumphant Lord.

Shout all ye people of the sky  
Shout all ye saints of God most high:  
The Lord who now his right obtains,  
For ever, and for ever reigns.

The Father praise the Son adore,  
The Spirit bless for evermore:  
Salvation's glorious work is done,  
We welcome thee, great Three in One,

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*Calvary.*

WHAT were Sinai's awful wonders,  
To the wonders of that day?  
When a voice like many thunders  
Shall be heard from heaven to say,  
Come to judgment!  
Lo, the Judge is on his way.

## JUDGMENT.

Lo, he comes ! the Lord from heaven :

He who bore the cross below ;

All the power to him is given,

He appears in glory now :

Great his glory !

Every knee to him shall bow.

See, the nations all assembling,

Stand before the Saviour's throne ;

Thousands at his presence trembling,

Hope extinguish'd, pleasure gone :

Calling, seeking

For relief, and finding none.

But his people, they who knew him,

And on earth his name confess'd,

Those the Saviour welcomes to him ;

Those he makes, supremely bless'd :

Sweet their portion ;

Their's an everlasting rest.

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*Helmsley.*

LO, he comes with clouds descending,

Once for favour'd sinners slain !

Thousand thousand saints attending,

Swell the triumph of his train :

Hallelujah !

Hallelujah ! Amen.

Every eye shall then behold him

Rob'd in dreadful majesty ;

## **JUDGMENT.**

**They who set at nought and sold him,  
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree ;  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the great Messiah see.**

**Every island, sea, and mountain,  
Heaven and earth shall flee away ;  
All who hate him must, confounded,  
Hear the trump proclaim the day ;  
Come to judgment !**

**Come to judgment! Come away !**

**Now redemption long expected,  
See in solemn pomp appear !  
All his saints, by men neglected,  
Now shall meet him in the air ;  
Hallelujah !**

**See the day of God appear !**

**Answer thine own bride and Spirit,  
Hasten, Lord, the general doom,  
Bid us worlds above inherit ;  
Take thy pining exiles home ;  
All creation  
Travails, groans, and bids thee come.**

**THE END.**





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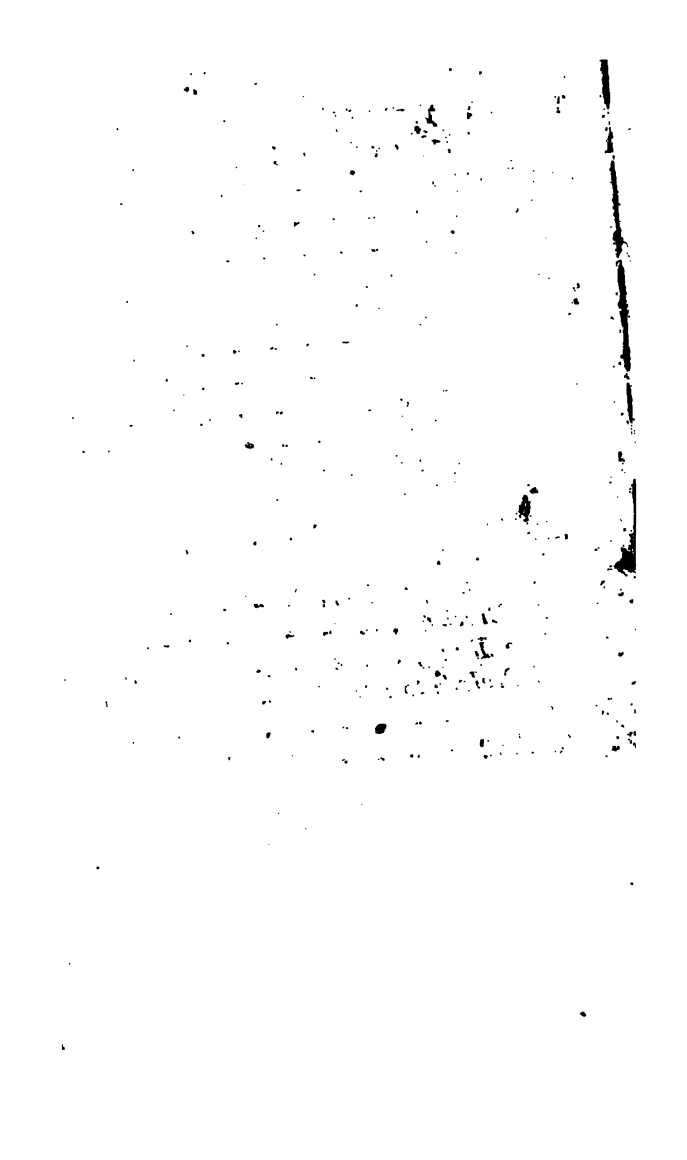
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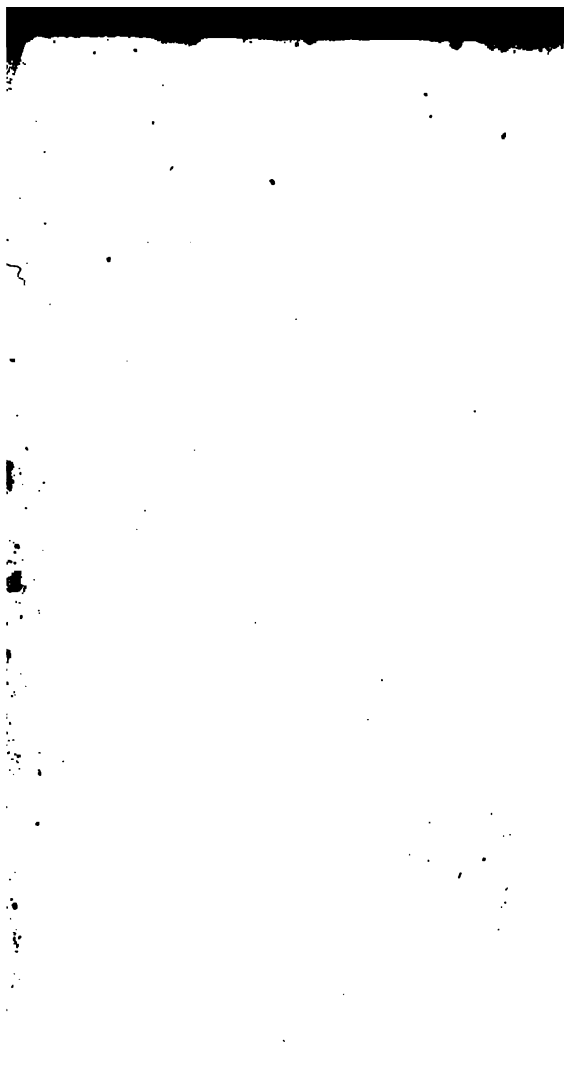
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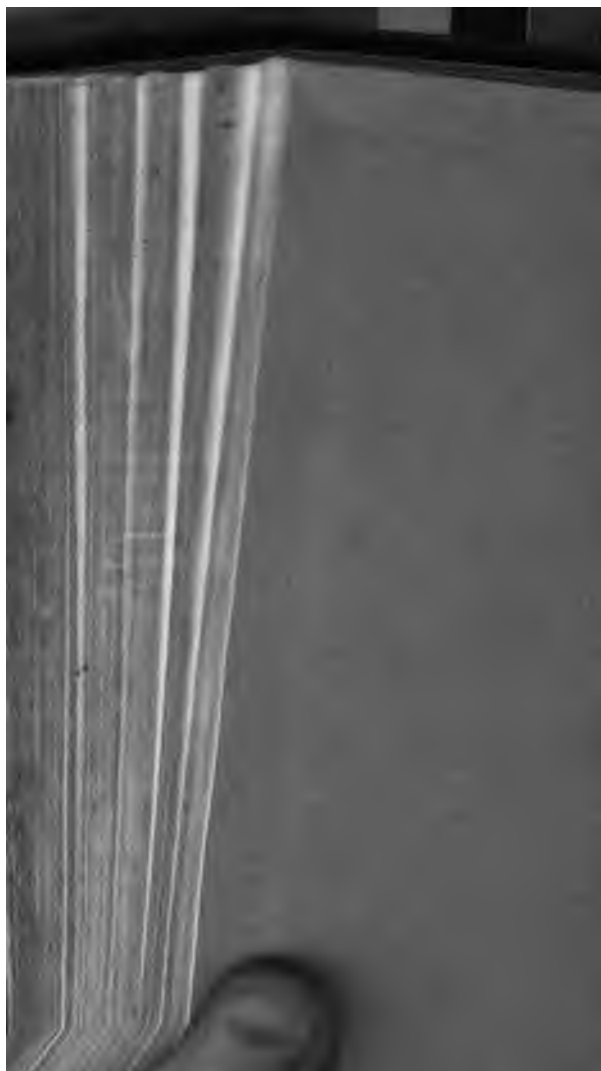
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